The Sketch

No. 2517—Vol. CXCIV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1941. ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE.

PORTRAIT BY MARCUS ADAMS.

OUR PRINCESS—15 YEARS OLD THIS WEEK.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *elder daughter of the King and Queen and heir-presumptive to the Throne, celebrated her fifteenth birthday on April 21. She and her sister, Princess Margaret, spend as much time with their parents as war conditions allow, and recently visited an R.A.F. Coastal Command station with them. Their wartime activities include growing vegetables at Windsor, in the beds where they formerly cultivated flowers; and knitting.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

The Wheels Go Round. This is written at a moment when a new series of great events has begun, and they are events which are likely to move very fast. With such issues at stake, and such uncertainty in the immediate future, it seems out of proportion to dwell on the minor accompaniments of daily life. But it is not my business to add another War Commentary to those which flow in such abundance from Our Military Correspondent; and, anyhow, ordinary life must go on, and it is what matters most to us all—it is the thing that we have to *live with*. Sometimes one is almost conscience-stricken at going about accustomed affairs of duty or amusement while the history of the world is being violently changed. "Good heavens!" one says with a start. "I am behaving just as if *nothing were happening*!" Occasionally, I am tempted to think that there *are* still a few people in this country who, despite the splitting of the heavens, decline to believe that there is a thunderstorm until they are struck by lightning; and when I am in a cinema, or playing a very infrequent game of golf, or having an occasional evening of bridge, I ask myself, with some reproach—am I one of that kind? I become uncomfortable when I see that large public dances are being held, and every form of entertainment is crowded out, and thousands are being turned away from football matches.

"I consider this to be an ideal, natural camouflaged, strategic position—unless it's a bull."

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

No Time Like the Present. But I suppose that is quite unreasonable. We are bound, by the very nature of existence, to live very much in the present and to take life as it comes and get as much enjoyment out of it as we can. Vitality demands it. Nothing whatever is gained by arraying the mind and body perpetually in sackcloth and ashes. There *is* a danger, I believe, in getting into a negative habit of mind when so many positive things are happening—in being too "unmoved" when everything is moving; it is the danger which, on well-known strategic principles, attaches to every defensive position. But by this time few of us, living in such a world, where the very sky over us menaces perpetually, can be under any illusion about the real gravity of our circumstances. According to many letters which I receive from abroad, we are all heroes. Being a modest people, few of us can admit that; but we are not ostriches either, though we have had our plentiful share of ostriches in the past. The alternative to "taking life as it comes" is speculating everlastingly about the future; and all speculations are certain to be wrong (and probably unhealthy), for the future, like the present, is never either quite as good or quite as bad as it seems.

"Maybe those shares you bought haven't crashed—p'r'aps they've only baled out."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Plain Living and High Thinking. And so, though the sky may be falling, we go on thinking about the ordinary things, which are the proper concern and the natural birthright of 99 per cent. of humanity, and of infinitely more importance than the crazy delusion of "national aspirations." You will have noticed how, when two or three women are gathered together, the conversation, within five minutes, inevitably turns to one topic. It used to be servants, but they are a thing of the past; now it is food. I don't mean to suggest that the subject is solely feminine; any conversation, in any company, drifts in that direction irresistibly. If you want a new parlour game, try making a few bets with yourself on how long you can steer your friends off the subject of rations and prices. You'll lose every time. I have no doubt it is the same in Germany. It is no use at the present time trying to be hoity-toity about "things you can eat"; the loftiest mind comes back to them sooner or later—and generally sooner.

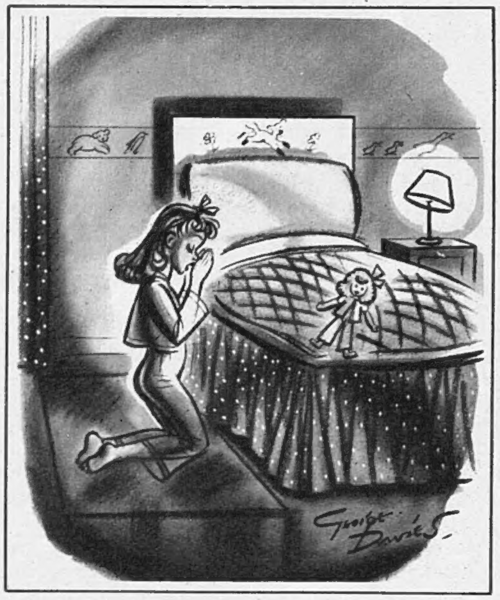
The Egg Bomb.

I make no apology, therefore, for reporting the latest movements in the food war. Possibly the most important is that *there are onions*. Not many, perhaps, but such as there are can be had for 4½d. per lb. Why pay more, as the advertisements say? When a greengrocer in Wales the other day tried to charge a shilling, the police had to be called in to protect him from an infuriated mob of housewives. There are also eggs, if you can afford them, but it is a great grief to me to learn that I shall not be allowed in future to have eggs broken over my head. Not that I ever did such a thing, but now I am forbidden, I begin to hanker after the experience — rather like melting a pearl in vinegar. As you may have heard, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, but you'll just have to make shampoos without breaking them. The egg trouble has been spreading even to America. Somebody has been trying to blow up the British Consul-General in New York with this dastardly form of secret weapon. Anyhow, the time-bomb which arrived with his morning mail was found by the police to be four dozen eggs. After careful examination, it was decided that they were not explosive. The Consul-General was luckier than I have been several times lately.

Young Patriots. There is no picture of care-free absorption more touching than that of a child consuming, by a process of relentless attrition, one of those bright cerise sweets which are fixed to a stick to assist both manipulation and, let us hope, digestion. The other day I saw two small boys assimilating, in this boa-constrictor fashion, a treasured possession—which, however, was not a pink sweet. It was, in fact, a red carrot! England, said I, has changed, but its people, young and old, are wonderfully adaptable. "Now, Tommy, take your castor oil like a brave little man, and you shall have a nice, raw carrot afterwards." Well, well! One would hate to spoil Tommy's enjoyment by telling him that the carrot is much better for him than the

lollipop, but that is the grim fact. A shattering thought has just struck me. Were those two urchins enjoying their carrots so much *because they had snitched them from a greengrocer's stall?* Isn't it awful how Realism always spoils Romance?

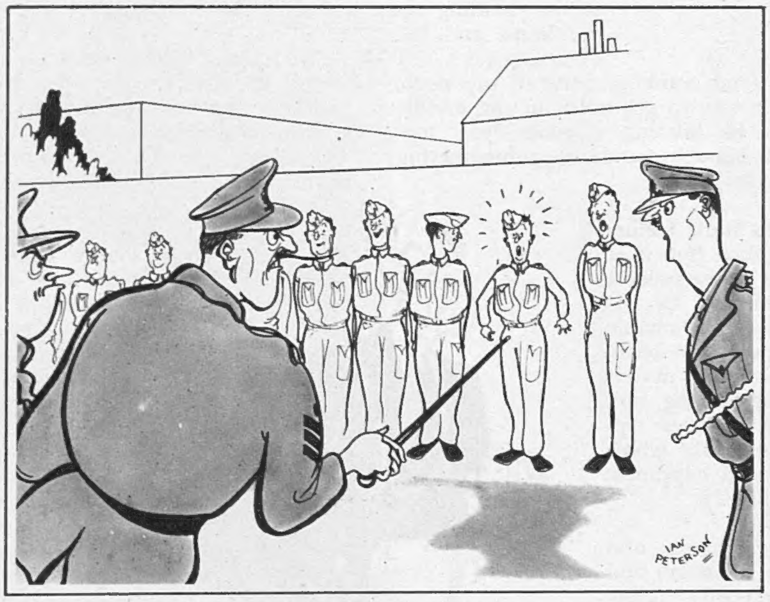
Money for Jam. Another grave injustice has been done to the sex to which I, through no fault of my own, belong. We are not eligible for membership of the Women's Institutes, the Women's Guilds or the Women's British Legion; nor, so far as I know, of the Mothers' Union. Until recently, I had not considered this a great hardship; if a Women's Institute had unanimously blackballed me, I should not have taken it to heart too grievously. But now it appears that I am going to be dependent on them for jam for my tea—and I value jam for my tea. Lord Woolton has made these women Jam Dictators, which I think is a dangerous power to put in the hands of anybody. If I want jam, this is what I have to do: (1) I take my fruit to the Women's Institute; (2) they buy it from me at the market price; (3) they make it into jam; (4) I buy the jam from them at the shop price. Well—(1) I haven't got any fruit; (2) therefore they won't buy it from me; (3) even if they did, I don't know what sort of jam they make; (4) therefore I won't buy it from them. Net result—I can't have any jam for my tea, and must be content with winkles. These women are going to control fifty million pounds of jam—a staggering thought—because Lord Woolton is giving them a monopoly of the sugar. I have often heard of Sugar Daddies, but never before of Sugar Mummies.



"*. . . keep Daddy safe and give Mummy some onions.*"

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

Joy Through Weakness. I knew a greybeard once who invariably remarked, after his third whisky-and-soda: "It's very strange, but as I grow older and older, the whisky gets weaker and weaker." That is the sad experience of everybody who once knew pre-1914 whisky at 4s. 6d. per bottle; and now it is the experience of everybody who is addicted to beer. It grows weaker and weaker, in accordance with Government requirements, but we are assured that the process of dilution has been so gradual and so skilful that the most confirmed beer-swiper can't tell the difference. No use crying any longer, with G. K. Chesterton, that you don't care where the water goes, if it doesn't go into the beer! After all, what *is* beer but improved water? And there's one thing about it—they can't chlorinate the beer, as they do the water, until it tastes and smells (in my district, at least) like a gas-attack. If it is any satisfaction to you, British beer-bibber, the Germans are drinking beer so thin that not even the most loyal Nazi could call it Joy through Strength.



"*By the right, number!*"
"*One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve,* twelve a, *fourteen!*"

DRAWN BY IAN PETERSON.

Day of Rest. It is seldom—all too seldom—that the House of Commons is sufficiently interested in the real legislation of this country to assert its authority over it. By the real legislation of this country I mean the multitudinous Statutory Rules and Orders which are turned out by the indefatigable sausage-machines of Ministries and Departments, from material generously and most confidingly supplied by Parliament. Not once in a thousand times does the House exercise its right of censorship over this legislation, of which it is supposed to be the source; not once in five hundred times is it even aware of the existence of all these Rules and Orders which are "laid on the table." For once, however, it was stung into action over the burning question of Sunday theatres. Well, this is controversial ground not very suitable for discussion here. I am free to confess that I am no bigoted Sabbatarian, but I find myself somewhat inconsistent on the question. I sympathise with the views of foreigners about our notoriously "dull" Sabbath, and yet when I am abroad I am inclined to sigh for a little of that same restful dullness. What, perhaps, many people do not realise is that the Battle of the Theatres was not so much an expression of public opinion as one round in a long contest between the Lord's Day Observance League and the National Sunday League. They are old and fierce antagonists, and up to date they are about all-square on points. Now I see that there is a movement to close the pubs on Sunday. There may be a more widespread expression of feeling about that!

Made in Heaven? Who says our industries are hit by the war? There are two at least which are booming. One is matrimony, and the other is crime. I read that "nearly 100,000 more women received a wedding-ring and promised to obey in the first year of the war than in the last twelve months of peace." I am no statistician, and God forbid that I ever should be, but I challenge the statement. There is a lot of loving, a reasonable amount (I trust) of honouring, but obeying? Do a hundred thousand modern women per year really promise to obey their husbands until death do them part? Not blue-pencil likely, as Mr. Shaw has so gracefully said! However, obedience or no obedience, they certainly flock to the altar—nearly half a million of them in the first nine months of 1940, and probably even more in 1941. The clergy are being overworked (though they seem to stand the strain cheerfully), and the jewellers will soon have to call on all that "frozen" gold in U.S.A. for more wedding-rings. I suppose this is happening in every nation which is at war. Whole nations populating and depopulating themselves simultaneously—it's a pretty paradox, quite appropriate to the general topsy-turvy, and it must cause considerable amusement among those cynical spectators on Olympus!

Tough Babies. As for crime, some branches of it are suffering a slump, but it is the criminal in embryo who is causing concern to the guardians of the law. If the child is father to the man, we have some tough guys in the making, who will not be very helpful citizens in a disturbed future when good citizens will be very necessary. Why has British boyhood suddenly become so naughty? I think the answer is fairly easy, though very old-fashioned and very unpopular with highbrows—namely, that youth needs discipline.

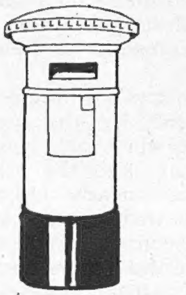
What is happening among us now is sufficient commentary on the theories of child-psychologists who believe in removing all restraints and letting the child "release its inhibitions" and "compensate its complexes." Unfortunately, the restraints at present are removed by brutal circumstances and not by theories, but surely it is somebody's job to see that they are re-imposed?

All Tattered and Torn.

The other day a friend produced from his pocket a genuine-antique sovereign-case and five golden sovereigns. I nearly fell down and worshipped them. All of us who knew it of yore will never cease to regret that beautiful coin, inconvenient though it was. We never seem to have been able to replace it with a pound-note which pleased the eye as well as the purse; and now I see that the Treasury Note, besides losing its peacetime virtue of comparative cleanliness, is showing a tendency to tear, and has to be replaced by another pattern. Well, even a tattered fragment of a Treasury Note has charm after the Budget!

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Ever since last October I have been trying to make Charles buy a new overcoat. Every time I suggested a visit to our Cathedral Town Charles said he couldn't spare the time, and what was the matter with his old one, anyway? It had cost enough, goodness knew, and he 'd only had it six years.

I said it was a nice coat, but rather shiny. Charles said he liked it shiny, and there the matter rested for a time. But last week, when Faith ran into Charles just as he was stepping into his car, and stopped and got out her lipstick and pretended to use him as a looking-glass, it began to dawn, even on him, that perhaps it really was time he got a new one.

" I fell downstairs."

Last Saturday morning he suddenly appeared and said he 'd just got time to rush in and buy himself a coat before lunch. I was quite stunned by this news and could only stand and stare.

"Hurry up, Henrietta," said Charles. "You know the shops shut at one."

I dashed off to put away the mop which I happened to be holding in my hand and fell downstairs. I landed on my head, there was a loud cracking noise in my neck, and I thought what a silly way it was to get killed in the middle of a war. My hand seemed to be hurting a good deal, too. A Pott's fracture, no doubt, I thought grandly, remembering my V.A.D. days—or was it a Collis?

I lay on the floor with my eyes shut, feeling pleased that my neck wasn't broken (for if it were, surely by now I ought to be in the process of expiring?), and even more pleased by the thought that for some time I would be unable to dig in the garden, wash up, clean the bath, or take Perry for walks. I pictured myself propped up in bed, one arm in a sling, my head becomingly bandaged, and Charles tiptoeing in with a bunch of violets. My whole being, as they say, was flooded with happiness at the thought, and I groaned slightly.

Nothing happened, so I groaned again, and Matins poked her head over the banisters and said she *thought* she 'd heard somebody falling downstairs, and Charles came out of the dining-room.

" What *have* you been doing, Henrietta?" he said crossly, and helped me to my feet.

" I think I 've got a Pott's fracture, Charles," I said.

" No, you haven't," said Charles.

" My head, my head!" I wailed, feeling that things were not going according to plan.

" Is it bleeding?" said Charles.

I patted my head carefully and was disappointed to find that it was not. Nothing but a gush of blood, I was sure, would force from Charles the expressions of shocked alarm which I felt were my due.

" Poor old girl," he said, patting my shoulder kindly. " Now, hurry up, Henrietta, or the whole damn place will be shut up."

Sadly I crept upstairs to put on my hat, every joint in good working order. But in the car one of my fingers began to swell and turn purple in the most gratifying manner.

" Look, Charles. Look at my poor finger."

" Don't do that, Henrietta. You 'll have us in the ditch."

" But look, Charles. It 's most frightfully swollen."

" You 've probably sprained it," said Charles.

" I shan't be able to wash up," I said happily.

" Oh, yes, you will. Hot water will do it good."

" Well, I shan't be able to garden, anyway."

" You could weed with your left hand."

I looked at Charles with positive dislike.

" I feel very shaken," I said coldly.

" You shall have a cocktail before lunch," he said.

" I pictured myself propped up in bed."

I always enjoy going to Charles's tailors. The place has a pleasing ecclesiastical air, and all the shopmen, who are slightly deaf, look like bishops. We push open the door quietly, Charles takes off his hat, and we creep up the aisle.

" Yes, Sir?"

" I want a new overcoat."

" Did you say socks, Sir?"

" No. Overcoat."

We make a hushed entrance into the tailoring department, which is full of sober tweeds. On a stand, in a prominent position, is a pink evening tail-coat adorned with the Hunt's excruciating facings, a relic of the days of peace and plenty and a gesture of defiance to Hitler. One of the Dignitaries comes forward, his hands clasped, and a tape-measure hanging round his neck like a stole.

" One of the Dignitaries comes forward."

" I want a ready-made overcoat," says Charles loudly and clearly. " I haven't got time to come in and be fitted." This remark is received in shocked silence.

" Your father used to say he 'd sooner have no coat at all than a ready-made one, Sir," says the Dignitary with the stole, looking down his nose.

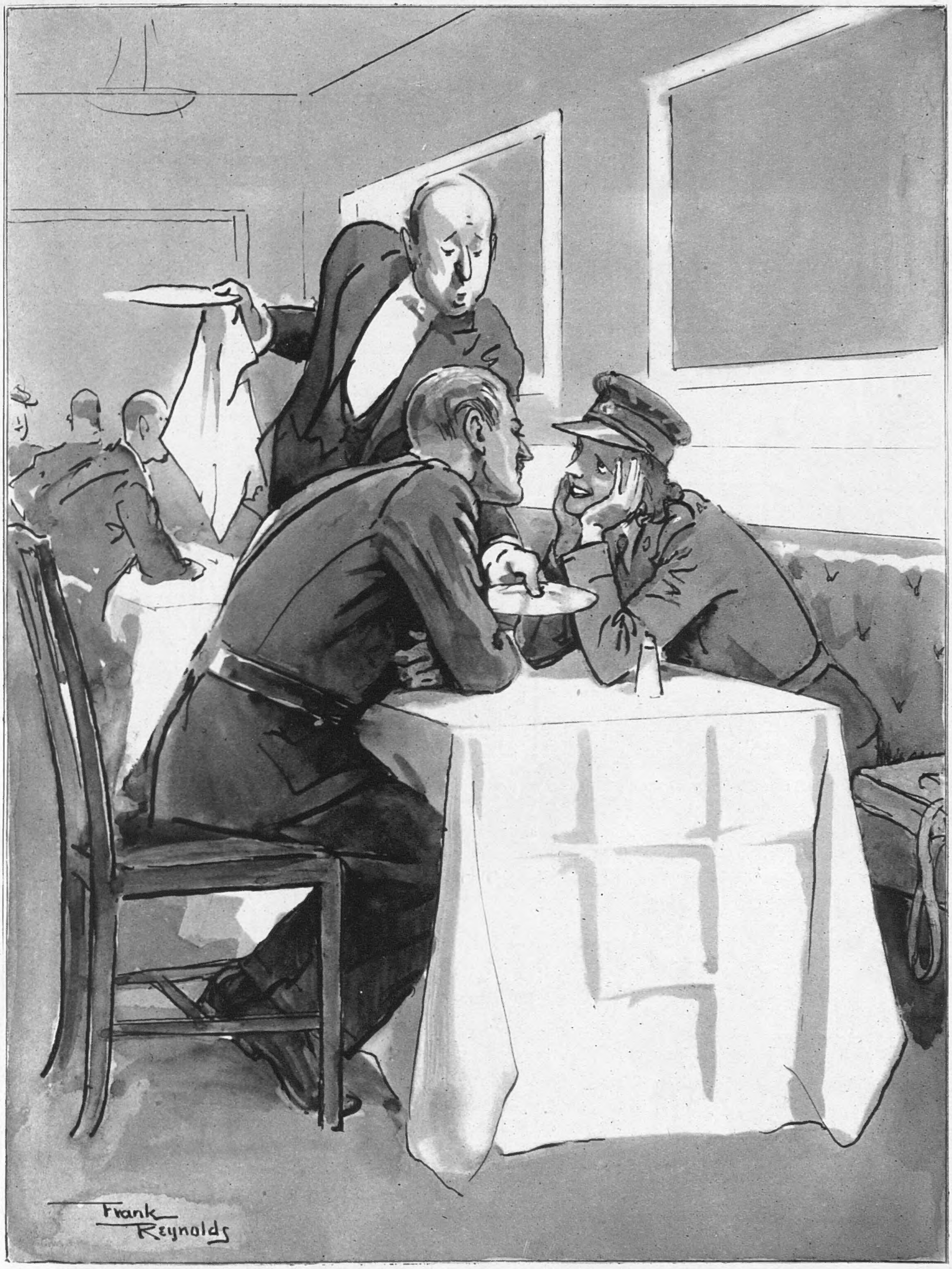
" My father didn't have to work as hard as I do," says Charles grimly, and we are led from the tailoring into a very small lift, where we find ourselves pressed against the Dignitary's watch-chain.

The ready-to-wear department is deserted and there is a large spider's web on the overcoat stand. Nevertheless, Charles buys himself an extremely nice, warm, pre-war coat with a touch of blue in the tweed.

My finger is still very purple and swollen, and I show it to everybody with pride. Unfortunately, I am able to weed and wash up, but I have had to draw your pictures with my left hand this week, Robert.

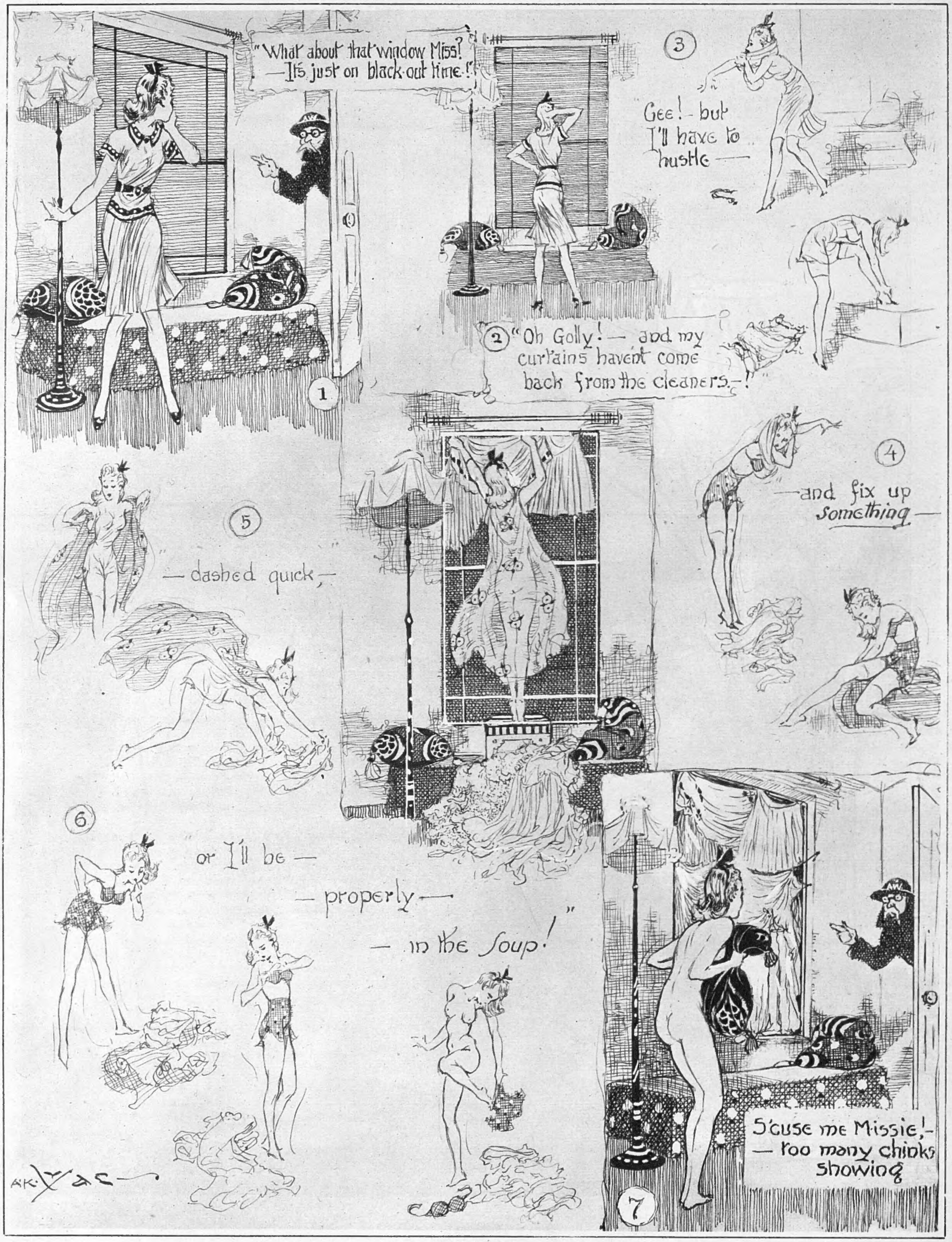
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



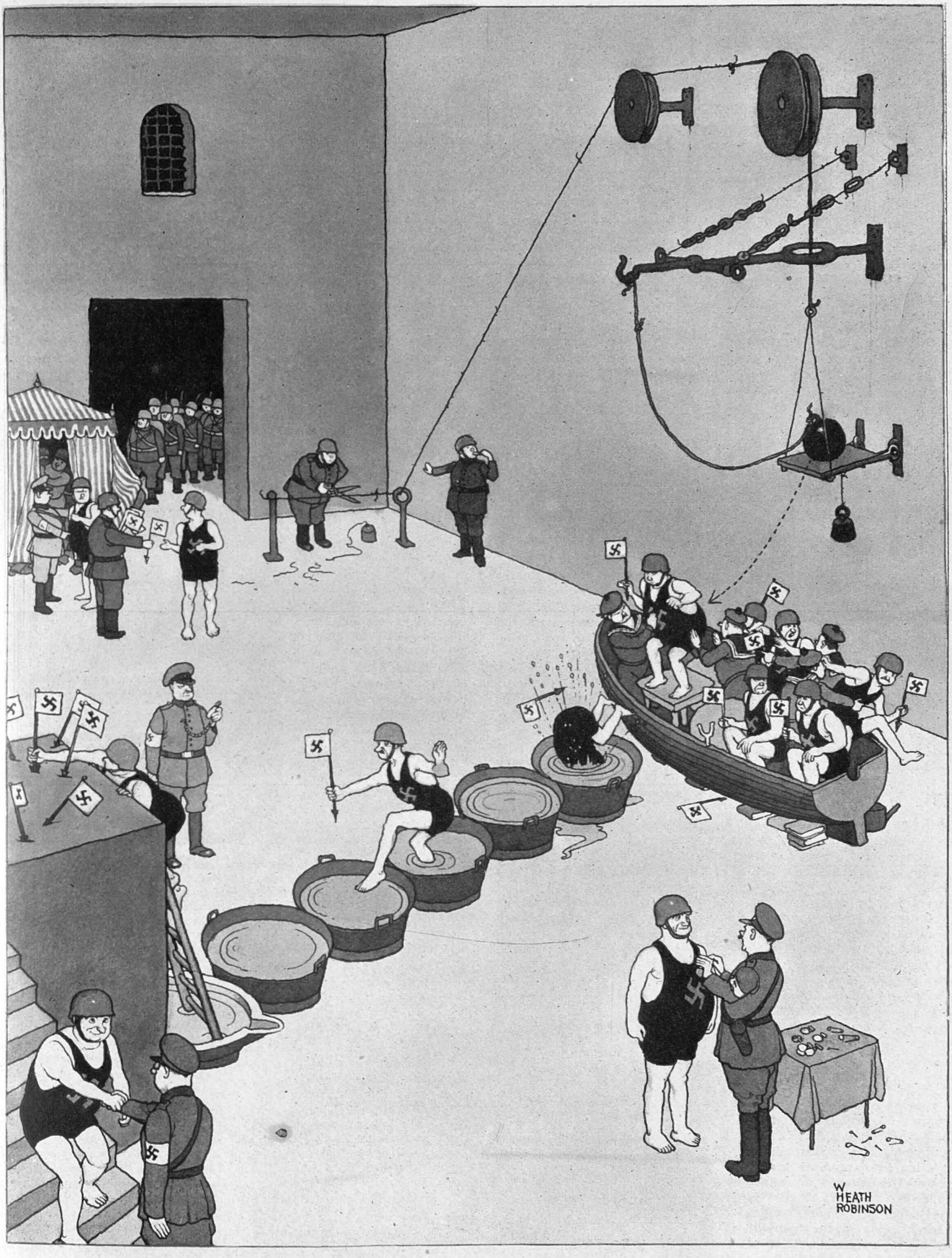
"SERVICE!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



DEDICATED TO THE ALL-SEEING WARDEN!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



ENEMY ACTIVITIES REVEALED.

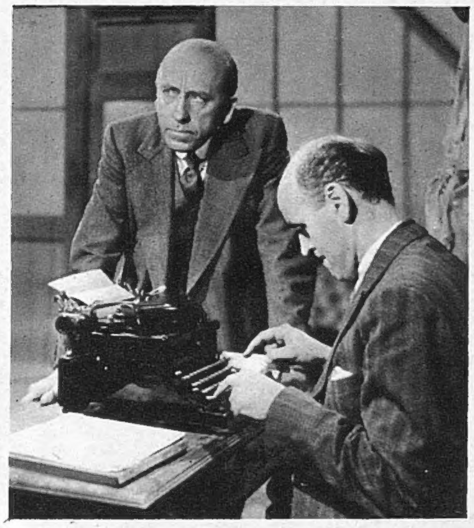
This week W. Heath Robinson is able to illustrate for the benefit of "Sketch" readers a very important enemy exercise—nothing less than one of the notorious Invasion Practices carried on in occupied countries.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

MR. FRED ASTAIRE, you will remember, had a number in "Carefree" in which he advocated Changing Partners. It was a charming number, one of his neatest and most tuneful, and a good many people, I fancy, will wish that it had stayed—just a number. Screen partnerships are odd things. When they happen right, they are something more than the sum of two good performances. An *x* quality creeps into the partnership—an *x* that, in a special way, equals box-office popularity. The Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell partnership had it. So had the William Powell-Myrna Loy team. But probably the classic partnership was that one between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. When Fred and Ginger separated after "The Castles," something special and felicitous was lost to the screen.



A B.B.C. item is to be found, screened by Twentieth Century-Fox, in "Inspector Hornleigh Goes To It," at the New Gallery. This new comedy-thriller lands Inspector Hornleigh (GORDON HARKER) *and colleague Sergeant Bingham* (ALASTAIR SIM) *in an unpleasant fix. Assigned to the minor job of tracking down Army "scroungers," they join the Army. Unable to disclose their identity, being put through their paces with the rest and found wanting, they are arrested by the military police for suspicious conduct.*

The parting came harder, perhaps, on Fred than on Ginger. Ginger had resources other than musicals. Striking out on her own, she developed, without much trouble, into a remarkably good little dramatic actress. But Fred, whose talents, though unique, hardly lie in the direction of straight drama, rightly stuck to song-and-dance, and discovered that partners with the Rogers *flair* don't grow on every gooseberry bush. Eleanor Powell, in "Broadway Melody," gave him grand technical support, but never managed to exorcise Miss Rogers' gay ghost in the affections of the public. Paulette Goddard, in the current Astaire film, "SECOND CHORUS" (Plaza), is a competent enough dancer and a delightful person, but the new partnership doesn't look like bringing that *x* quality back to the screen.

"Second Chorus" is a robust film, in which Fred Astaire seems younger and more vigorous than ever. He is so young this time that he has even gone back to college. He and his student rival (Burgess Meredith) are trumpeters in the college band, and have deliberately funked their exams for seven years to keep from graduating. Their great ambition, apart from marriage with the same girl (Miss Goddard, naturally), is to catch the ear of swingster Artie Shaw and get an engagement with his band. Mr. Shaw (in person) passes up the claims of both trumpeters, and concentrates on securing the services of Miss Goddard in a secretarial capacity.

Checked, but not discouraged, Mr. Astaire puts on false whiskers, and gets a job with a Russian orchestra. Mr. Meredith contracts to blow the opening fanfare at a pony race-track. In the end, Mr. Shaw's big heart prompts him to hand over the bâton to Mr. Astaire for the big number of the big concert, and Mr. Astaire, leading the band, winds up the film with one of his big successes. "Second Chorus" is gay, accomplished and modern, and I have no doubt at all that swing fans will endorse it. Personally, I would swap an hour of it for ten minutes of "The Gay Divorce" or "Follow the Fleet," "The Castles" or "Top Hat."

Clues lead the detectives to a school, where GORDON HARKER *as Hornleigh impersonates a history professor in order to check up on the suspicious movements of the headmaster. A hilarious climax is reached when he tries to seize an incriminating letter by posing as a sorter on a train, and the gang does its best to put a spoke in his wheel. The gang is eventually rounded up, and the slick team add another successful episode to their career.*

A screen partnership that has survived more than its share of rough-and-tumble is that one between James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. You can see it revived this week in "THE FIGHTING 69TH," at Warner's Theatre. In the early days of their partnership they were usually rival rookies, buddies, navvies or what-not, persistently slugging one another for some lady's favours. That was in the bad old days when slugging was the fashion. Recently an epoch of moral regeneration has set in in Hollywood, and the Cagney-O'Brien act has been considerably modified by it. It is nothing, nowadays, for Mr. O'Brien to put on a dog-collar and enter Holy Orders. Mr. Cagney, with better luck or more resistance, still manages to retain his toughness until the final scene.

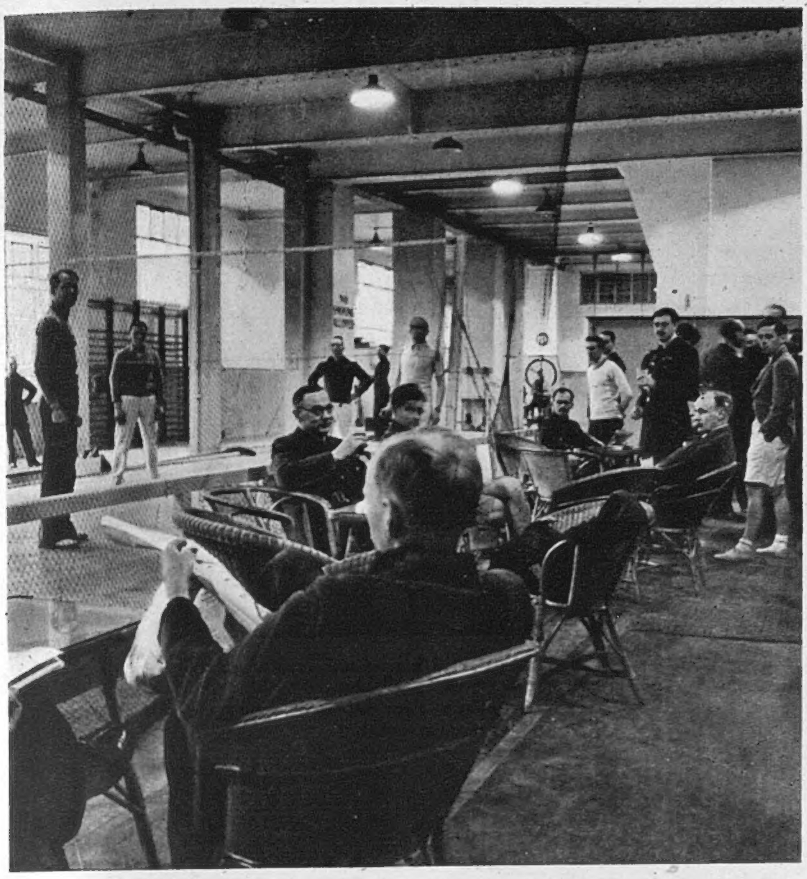
Cagney's reluctant reform has been the subject of many a Warner Brothers drama. It never fails as a dramatic motive, because the strutting little actor is never less than a first-rate performer. The old trick works again in "The Fighting 69th," which presents Mr. Cagney as a mutinous American private of the last war. I am not sure whether this is just the moment to show "The Fighting 69th" to English audiences. The war scenes are grim. The Hollywood sentiment may make keyed-up people titter. The things said and shown on the screen are possibly comments on war that are better made in peacetime. But once again Mr. Cagney proves himself the screen's foremost exponent in the study of frustrated cockiness and fine-drawn, jangled nerves.

The partnership between our Gordon Harker and Alastair Sim is only a couple of years old, but it has already settled down to a steady place in the public affections. The admirers of the Inspector Hornleigh series are a robust and vocal body, and the latest Hornleigh exploit, "INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH GOES TO IT" (New Gallery), will do nothing to disappoint them. This time the dogged Inspector and his colleague, Sergeant Bingham, find themselves detailed for Army duty. Their quest, which begins mildly as a round-up of "scroungers," develops into a full-blooded chase after Fifth Columnists. The trail takes them to a dentist's surgery, an evacuated school and, finally, with enormous gusto, to the mail train from Carlisle. I may say that this is the first time I have ever come across a dentist murdered in his own operating-chair—a perfect example of making the punishment fit the crime.

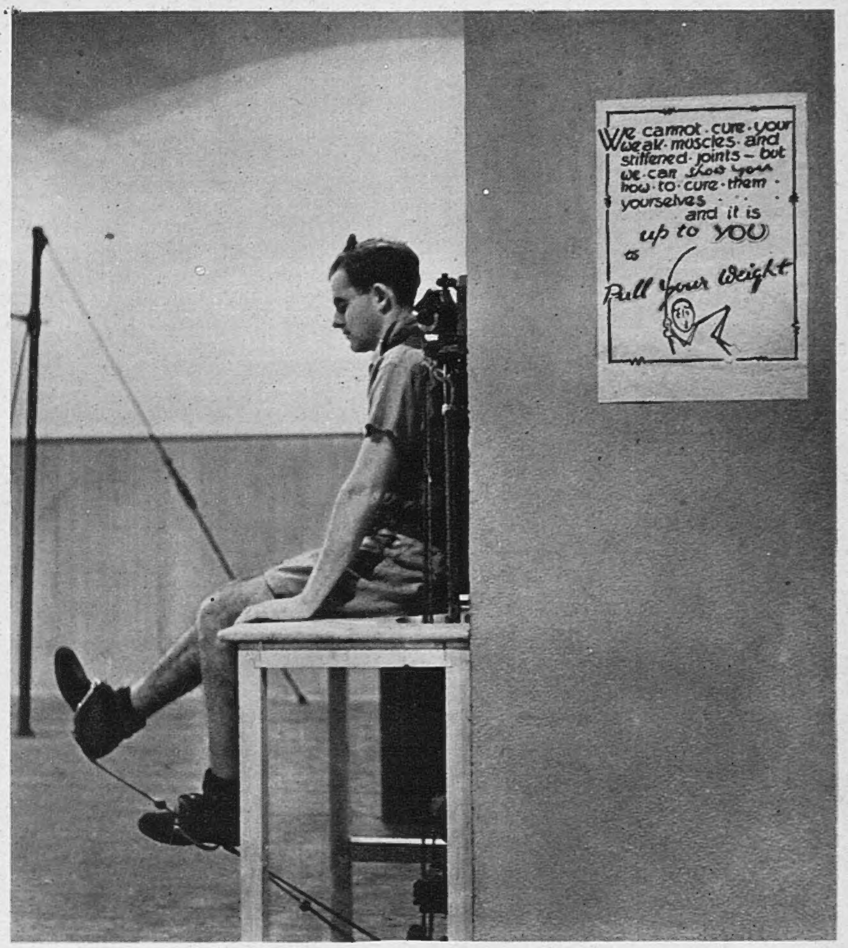
Later, being released, the Inspector and the Sergeant stumble accidentally on the murder of a dentist named Wilkinson—an important member of a spy ring which transmits information to the enemy. Mrs. Wilkinson is played by PHYLLIS CALVERT.

Metro's luscious Hedy Lamarr appears surprisingly as a Soviet tram-driver in "COMRADE X" (Empire). This comedy, which carries on the fashionable Hollywood sport of baiting the U.S.S.R., isn't nearly so good a film as "Ninotchka," but is entertaining in a happy-go-lucky way, with a first-rate mechanised "Keystone finish." The script, part-authored by Ben Hecht, is concerned with the strained relations between an American newspaper-man (Clark Gable) and the Kremlin. This lively journalist, known to the secret police as Comrade X, has been sending out stories not notable for their discretion. Threatened with exposure by the hotel janitor, who alone knows his identity, he arranges to leave the country, taking with him, after a casual marriage ceremony, the janitor's tram-driving daughter. The Ogpu, however, are too quick for them, and the newly-married pair have to make a hurried departure to Rumania in a tank.

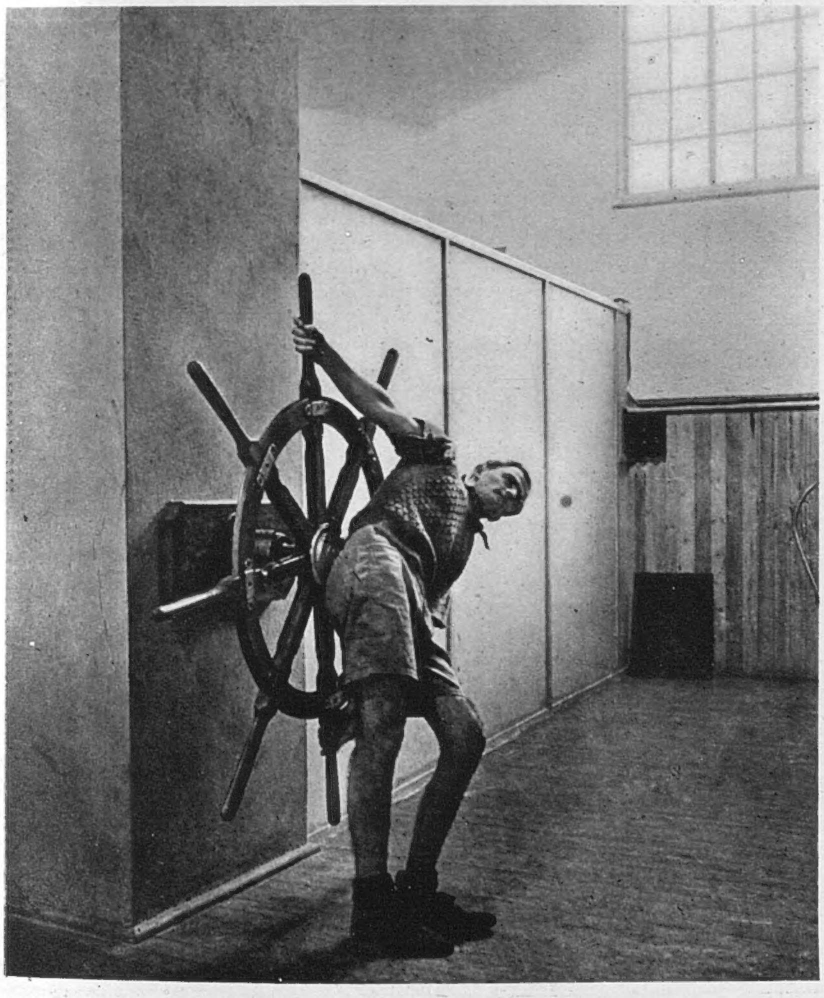
THE "GYM." WAY BACK TO HEALTH: R.A.F. "REHABILITATION."



The R.A.F. officers who have just paused in the middle of a game of basket ball are "playing themselves back to health" in the "gym." at an Officers' Convalescent Hospital which specialises in the most modern methods of "rehabilitation" of battle casualties.



A young officer is using this apparatus in the "gym." of the hospital to do just what the notice on the wall asks him to do. The exercises are part of what is officially called the "rehabilitation" process.



This R.A.F. officer is not operating some secret and important engine of destruction, but turning the wheel of health, and in a new and scientific manner strengthening muscles weakened by war wounds.

Dance night is one of the important stations on the road back to perfect health, for relaxation, freedom from care, leisure and pleasure are featured in the treatment, while dancing helps to exercise and strengthen muscles.

"REHABILITATION" is the official name for the process by which a convalescent war casualty is brought back to perfect health by modern methods in which an R.A.F. Officers' Convalescent Hospital specialises. Ball games and exercises help to render weak muscles strong again, and to limber up stiff joints. The hospital "gym." is fully equipped with P.T. apparatus, running machines, rocking-horses, dumb-bells, and so forth, and is provided with a milk bar. Plenty of relaxation, leisure and freedom from cares and worries all help to speedy recovery, so dance nights are important. Some officers bring their wives, others their sweethearts, and the really lucky ones capture a nurse or sister from the medical staff as a dancing partner. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.)

HAMPSTEAD HEATH ON BANK HOLIDAY.

By THEODORA BENSON and BETTY ASKWITH.

Authors of "Foreigners; or the World in a Nutshell."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOPOLSKI.

As Time (in apparent defiance of Dunne and Priestley) Marches On, we forget the origins of traditions still remembered. The idea of Bank Holiday is linked with the idea of changing hats; that is to say, exchanging hats temporarily with sweethearts and boon companions. But why is it so linked? For, in fact, the phenomenon is not noticeable or widespread. There is, of course, a faint attraction about trying on other people's hats which makes itself felt only

The Hindu, busy selling carpets, as usual.

as spirits rise; just as it is a sign of jubilance rather than a gesture of despair when people ring up the Zoo and ask if they may speak to Mr. Lion or Mr. L. E. Phant. But we did not see a single exchange of headgear taking place last Easter Monday on Hampstead Heath.

However, there had been plenty of hat-changing in the more ordinary sense of the words, and it was encouraging, as we drove up the hill from Hampstead Underground Station towards the Leg-of-Mutton Pond and Jack Straw's battered Castle, to see how many of the crowd of both sexes had substituted for their ordinary lids round paper-caps with slogans on them. For we knew we should not find much of a fair, if any at all, this year; and we had feared there might be no Bank Holiday atmosphere whatever. Whether or not there is a tradition about it, nothing is more symptomatic of Bank Holidays and fairs than a lot of paper-caps with "O.K. Toots" and "Kiss Me Again" printed on them.

The Coster King, who never fails to appear.

The slogans, though good for all time, used to change a little from year to year. "I'm No Angel" blossomed everywhere, and then vanished, a good while ago, after Miss Mae West made a hit in a film of that title. The latest winner seemed to be "Don't Forget To-night," although we thought it unlikely that there had been a fresh issue for this Easter. Probably all the hats had been saved from earlier occasions; at any rate, we saw none on sale. We were surprised and pleased to spot a couple of "I'm No Angels"; we felt that they could not be original first editions, and that the kindly hint had lately been republished and made the grade as a classic.

There was a big crowd on the Heath, though it wasn't as big as it used to be, a mixed gathering of all sorts and ages, everybody apparently good-tempered, cheerful, well behaved, and having a fine time. That the atmosphere just missed real gaiety was not because of the war, but because of the weather; sun was needed to give that extra lift to the heart; it should have been spring and it was autumn—dank autumn at that.

The splendour of the fair was reduced indeed. Of the avenue of stalls which used to delay one so long on the way to the whirling and the music there was nothing. Not a coconut-shy, not a "Break-What-You-Please," not a "Houp-là!" nor a rifle range. No chance of a Kewpie doll or a green elephant in a fez. No more could one win a lively little goldfish for tossing a ping-pong ball into a small-mouthed globe at six tries for tuppence, lured by the hoarse but glorious promise: "I give you gold for copper."

Hampstead Heath is a charming landscape with or without a fair. It used to look enchanted after dark, as one spun spirally down a tower on a mat, while the lights reeled round one's head to the rhythm of the calliope. Though doomed to be cut short by the black-out, though greatly minished, the magic was still there; huddled down by the Vale of Health, this carnival was little but good. There were the tower and the mats, the swing-boats, and three "round-and-round" machines of different types and different decoration. The Caterpillar carried screaming and whooping couples round an engine adorned with nymphs in debased, baroque style. The chairs that flew out on strings revolved round a wooden structure painted with formal flower designs like early eighteenth-century Austrian peasant furniture. And the roundabout with the dashing golden horses was all gilt and little inlaid mirrors, like a glorious Balinese funeral tower, surmounted by a fine barbaric frieze of life in a jungle that included polar bears.

The crowd waiting for these amusements was prodigious; luckily we only wanted to queue for one. We secured a fine wooden horse named Lucca, and flew round to the steam-driven blare of "Il Relicario." We had a little difficulty after in finding Feliks Topolski again. As he was the one with the car, this was doubly serious, and we were further discouraged by an anxious female voice saying: "Now, children, we mustn't lose Daddy. If we lose Daddy, we lose everything."

The old clown.

After we had found Topolski, there wasn't much more to do. We couldn't get near the Surrey ice-cream. It was too cold to wait in the queue for Professor Owen, the only palmist and astrologer. Like everybody else, we wandered about a little aimlessly, but enjoying the walk. Partly because of the dull weather, people did want more to do; they gathered eagerly round two Indian gentlemen who were selling respectively ties and kimonos; they also gathered around a jolly little man with two plump donkeys, on which the children flocked to ride. There was nothing else around which to gather, until the sudden appearance of two uniformed men with a stretcher started a thrill of expectation. Over stony ups and through muddy downs (which smelt mysteriously of low tide by the sea), a large detachment of us surged after them. It was a false alarm; nobody had had the grace so much as to faint or sprain an ankle.

It is well known that Londoners Can Take It; with traditional good-humour no one resented this at all.

Nymphs of the Heath.

Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath is a British institution, so people arrived faithfully on wartime Easter Monday.

The scenery is traditionally British, but the uniforms were of khaki, not scarlet.

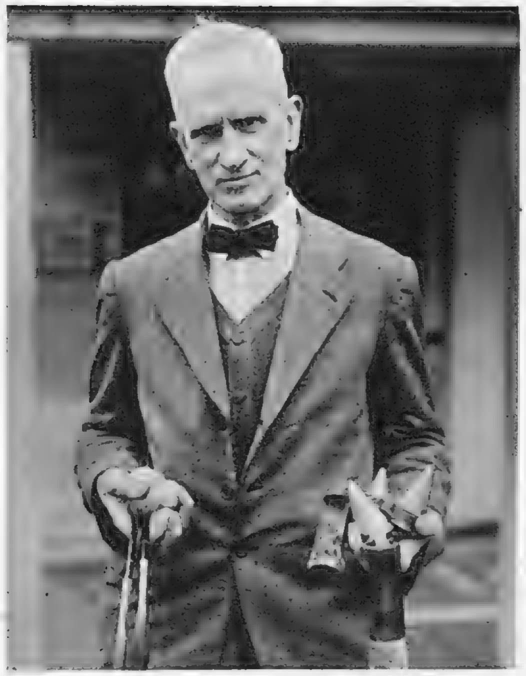
AN ARTIST VIEWS WARTIME BANK HOLIDAY ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Feliks Topolski, the Polish artist, has recorded his impressions of various British institutions in wartime. There is nothing more characteristic of this country than a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath, and even in wartime Topolski found much of the traditional atmosphere there on Easter Monday. On our facing page the Hon. Theodora Benson and the Hon. Betty Askwith contribute an article recording their impressions of the wartime Bank Holiday mood on the Heath.

DRAWINGS BY TOPOLSKI

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

The MEMBERS OF THE RICHMOND GOLF CLUB—For being *blitzed* into making new hazards.

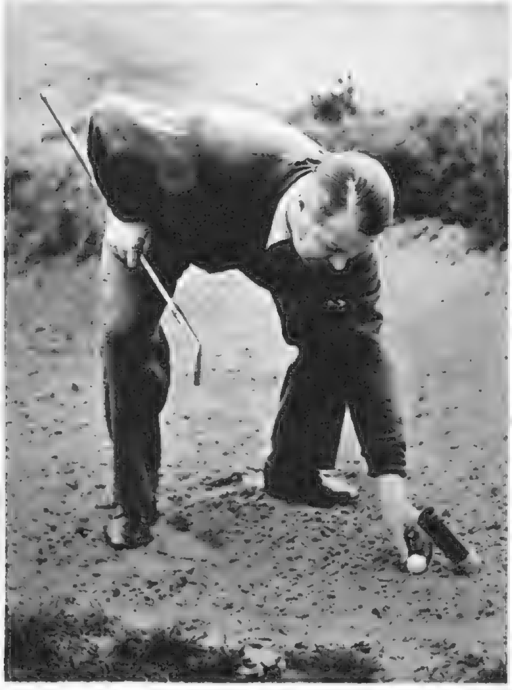


MR. GEORGE HUDSON, *the Secretary, holds shell-caps and incendiary-bomb parts picked up on the course.*

CADDIES *mark the positions of time-bombs with red flags.*

Members of the Club: MESSRS. T. J. WILSON, G. EMERSON, H. CHANDLER, A. J. WALLACE BARR *and* W. H. SADDINGTON *with parts of "Molotov breadbaskets," shell-caps and incendiary bombs collected on the course.*

Going to shelter during an "Alert": MR. T. J. WILSON *and* MR. W. H. SADDINGTON.



MR. SADDINGTON *removes his ball from behind an incendiary found in a bunker.*

RICHMOND GOLF CLUB.
Temporary Rules, 1940.

1. Players are asked to collect Bomb and Shrapnel splinters to save these causing damage to the mowing machines.

2. In Competitions, during gunfire, or while bombs are falling, players may take cover without penalty for ceasing play.

3. The positions of known delayed-action bombs are marked by red flags placed at a reasonably, but not guaranteed safe distance therefrom.

4. Shrapnel and/or bomb splinters on the Fairways, or in Bunkers within a club's length of a ball may be moved without penalty, and no penalty shall be incurred if a ball is thereby caused to move accidentally.

5. A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced, or if lost or destroyed, a ball may be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.

6. A ball lying in a crater may be lifted and dropped not nearer the hole, preserving the line to the hole, without penalty.

7. A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb may play another ball from the same place. Penalty, one stroke.

MR. T. J. WILSON *with shell splinter stuck in a ball.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

BALLERINA'S GOOD-NIGHT.

This dancing study with a young ballerina sur les pointes *looking up at a group of coryphées posed on the steps of a fine carved staircase might well be a new ballet* divertissement. *It is actually a real-life picture of Joan Bowser, one of the pupils of the Cone-Ripman School of Dancing, practising a ballet pose in front of six other admiring students before going to bed. The dancing school left London on the outbreak of war and is installed at Loddington Hall, the seat of Lord Allerton. Other photographs of the ballerinas in their lovely country retreat are given on following pages.*

FIRE-FIGHTING IN *TU-TUS* AND GAS-MASKS, STUDYING, KNITTING AND DANCING AT LODDINGTON HALL.

Fire-fighting in the classic tu-tu, *or ballet skirt: gas-masked embryo ballerinas at stirrup-pump drill.*

One boy among eighty girls! Ten-year-old John Gilpin painting a toy house while a group of ballerinas knit.

Right: Shadow show of future ballerinas: a class of pupils practising relevée en cinquième position.

Students at work darning the toes of their ballet shoes to prevent slipping—an essential art for the dancer.

Left: Claudie Leonard at work brightening the black-out curtains at Loddington Hall with gay peasant-dance scenes.

Boo[illegible] learning as well as footwork must be acquired: one of the classes at work in ballet dress.

Sur les pointes at the blackboard: fourteen-year-old Tilsa Stubbs combines dance practise with other studies.

WH[illegible] the great evacuation took place at the beginning of the war two enterprising [illegible] well-known London dancing schools decided to try and keep going by establishing themselve[illegible] and their pupils in a country retreat. Thus the Cone-Ripman School of Dancing became an amalgamated enterprise (though both Miss Grace Cone and Mrs. Olive Ripman's schools in London continue to have separate existences) at Loddington Hall, Leicestershire, the seat of Lord Allerton. Some eighty students of three different groups, juniors from six to [illegible]teen; seniors from fourteen to sixteen; and full-course students from sixteen onwards [illegible] established there. Two resident schoolmistresses supervise the ordinary education of [illegible] girls, and there are four resident dancing mistresses and, of course, a general manager, hospital nurse and domestic staff. Full-time students have six hours' dancing a day, an[illegible] the younger children have four lessons on general subjects and two dancing lessons. Ballet, Greek, Eurhythmics, tap and ballroom dancing are all taught. There is one boy in the school—little John Gilpin—an[illegible] *does* he have a good time! Fire-fighting and gas-mask drill are, of course, obligatory. Dancing dress is worn mos[illegible] of the time so as to save the girls having to change continually. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.)

A peep into the dormitory while some of the girls are getting ready for a ballet rehearsal.

Right: Rosemary Henry tying the ribbons of her ballet shoes. Knots must be on the inside of the ankle and no ends must show.

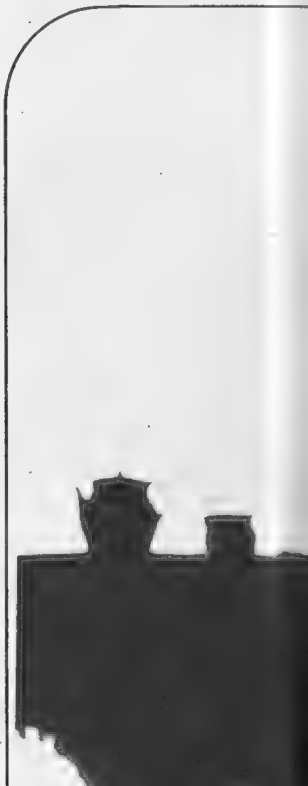
" Now you're called me you can shut up ! "

First duty to beauty—the daily dozen.

" The water's hot, a

Lady into gossamer.

Polly put the kettle on.



She sometimes cou

" IT'S NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING . . . BUT IT'S NICER TO LIE IN BED ! "

ank goodness !"

Second duty to beauty—the discreet make-up.

" Pull them on tenderly, treat them with care."

but always tea.

There's all the world in the angle of a hat.

. . . and don't forget your gas-mask !

Beauty's early-morning story is told in these silhouettes which might well be taken to illustrate the old song, " It 's nice to get up in the morning . . . but it 's nicer to lie in bed." When the alarum-clock goes off, beauty awakes—and her first action is to still the loud, metallic voice whose clangour has called her to face the work, and meet the fun of yet another day ! (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRITERION PRESS.)

"THIS BEND IS DANGEROUS."*

By NEVILLE HERFORD.

MILLER swung the big omnibus expertly out of the terminus *en route* for the depôt and home. A backward glance told him that Turner was on the boarding platform as usual, lounging, as conductors do, apparently carelessly, against a chromium-plated pillar. He swore softly at an ambitious pedestrian, and drove onwards through the blinding rain, steering almost automatically. Alone in his little square compartment there was plenty of time for thinking, and Miller was thinking of Jane. In imagination he could see her face smiling at him from his steaming windscreen, pert and inviting. He smiled back at her. There was nothing wrong in thinking of such a woman, was there? Or was there, if she was someone else's wife?

Miller's smile grew hard, and he forced himself to concentrate on his driving. Now, using his brakes for the first time, he brought his vehicle round the double hairpin turn known throughout the service as Baker's Bend. Here, a year or two back, a bus had failed to make the second turn, and plunged headlong over the cliff, killing the driver instantly. This safely past, the bus soon rolled quietly into the depôt, where Miller parked it carefully, and got out.

"Coming round to my place as usual, Bob?" The conductor's request was natural.

"Thanks—don't mind if I do."

The two men fell into step, and walked without speaking for about ten minutes, until Turner stopped abruptly to knock at a door.

"That you, Jim?" asked a voice, and without waiting for a reply the door was opened and the men went in. Turner kissed his wife on the lips, and held her away from him so that he could see her better. Mrs. Jane Turner was an eyeful, and knew it. She was small and pretty, in the way that appeals to men rather than to women, and she knew that, too. Her figure was excellent, so, of course, she wore her clothes tight. Having kissed her husband, she said:

"Hello, Bob!" The look of welcome was too long, and set his heart beating quickly. "I got supper for both of you."

The meal was an awkward one, and Miller found his eyes kept meeting Jane's, until he felt sure Jim must notice the message in them; but apparently he did not do so. Presently Miller rose to go.

"I'll see you out," said Jim surprisingly, and walked to the door. Outside he turned to face the driver squarely.

"Just a moment, Bob."

"Yes?"

"You leave my wife alone, see?"

In spite of the warning, Miller blazed.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"You don't need me to tell you that."

"My God—I'll——"

But he got no further. Turner swung his fist powerfully and effectively to the jaw, sending him reeling across the roadway with a singing in his ears. Miller was dimly conscious of a door being banged behind him. He got up, and rubbed his face gingerly where it was sore. Then he squelched homewards, muttering, through the rain.

Once home, with hate still smouldering in his eyes, he decided that Jim Turner must die. The way of his dying was already in Miller's mind almost before he had decided on his death. It was there, ready-made and ridiculously simple. He went over it again in his mind. All he had to do was to make sure Turner was on the rear platform as usual on the way to the depôt, and pass a lorry or something just before the first turn of Baker's Bend. Then a quick twist of the wheel and vicious acceleration would swing Turner off the bus . . . and the lorry would do the rest. Murder was as easy as that. With the air of a man with his mind made up, Miller went to bed. Soon, with Jane's name on his lips, he slept soundly.

In the morning, anxious not to put him on his guard, Miller apologised to the conductor, who said:

"That's all right, Bob. Lost my temper, I guess," and they shook hands on it.

As soon as he was in the driver's cabin, Miller laughed softly. After all, politeness did not cost anything. The day passed slowly and uneventfully until the last passenger was put down, and the two men went to a little café for a cup of tea before going home.

"She seemed to be boiling a bit that last trip," suggested Turner, and added: "Have another cup of tea while I go and fill her up for you."

He seemed anxious to make amends, and Miller smiled wryly at the thought of Turner preparing the bus for his last journey in it. The conductor was away rather long, and when he did return he seemed flushed and out of breath.

"Hello! Hello! Been running?" suggested Miller obviously.

"Nope. Helped a chap put a wheel on," Turner answered, and showed his hands. "Filthy job," and then "Ready?"

"O.K."

Rain was falling again lightly as Miller climbed into his cabin. He pulled a small flask of whisky out of his greatcoat pocket, and took a long draught before sending the bus on its fateful journey. He even felt sorry for Turner. Poor Turner, who had not the brains to know even hatred when he saw it! Well, it would not be long now. Presently, as they approached the Bend, he drew in behind a large six-wheeled transport wagon, and noted it was big and heavy; not the sort of thing that could pull up quickly. Miller looked out at the greasy road, and spat with satisfaction. Any moment now. He looked round furtively, to find Turner, as usual, hanging already half out of the bus, with one arm crooked slackly round the pillar. "Now," said Miller aloud, "here it goes."

He passed the lorry slowly, and then jammed his foot flat down on the accelerator, swinging the wheel fiercely over to the right to take the bend. The bus leaped forward as if conscious of its power, and he heard the hopeless scream of the lorry's brakes behind him. When he looked round at the conductor's platform it was empty. He laughed aloud harshly. The roar of his engine told him he was going too fast for the second bend, and mechanically he applied his brakes firmly. The bus went faster. He pressed the pedal again wildly, madly, until his exhilarated mind became suddenly aware of danger. God! This had happened to Baker! Hopelessly he fought for mastery of the bus skidding crazily, already beyond control. At the Bend itself he swung the wheel firmly to the left and held it. There was just a chance—a faint chance—he might make it. He felt the great wheels slip sickeningly beneath him, and heard the screech of tyres. Probably the last thing he knew was the shock of impact against the thin stone wall. He was spared the terror of crashing through it as though the wall had been of paper, of bounding over the cliff edge as though the bus were alive, until at last the wreckage came to rest. Flames licked upwards greedily.

Jim Turner watched the twisted mass of hot metal speculatively. The whole thing had worked perfectly. Lucky, though, that Miller had swallowed that story about helping a chap change a wheel. Lucky he had not needed to try his brakes sooner.

Turner thought: "Good thing I jumped when I did—wonder why the swine accelerated so much round the first bend? Might easily have thrown me off. Anyway, he'll never look at my wife again."

The fire was dying down now and, with a last look in which there was no regret, he turned on his heel and trudged off towards the depôt. There he at once reported what the newspapers called "Another fatal accident at Baker's Bend."

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

STAR BUSTS.

THIS peep into the wardrobe department of a film studio gives some idea of the elaborate organisation of the industry. Great stars have little time to spare for fitting the elaborate dresses of their screen wardrobes, so each famous actress has a dressmaker's dummy modelled to her exact measurements, and can be fitted by proxy. The busts in our snapshots are all the bearers of great picture names, though their claim to beauty and glamour seems remarkably modest!

These DRESSMAKER'S DUMMIES *may not look glamorous, but each has been made to the measurements of a star, for they are properties of the wardrobe department at Warner Brothers' Studio and are used to fit screen clothes for famous actresses. Bette Davis's dummy is lying on the table.*

This platoon of "star busts" includes those representing Mary Brodell, Pat Lane, Bette Davis, May Robson and Mary Astor. Each is labelled with the name of the star to whose exact proportions it has been modelled.

The PRIME MINISTER, *Chancellor of Bristol University, conferred honorary degrees upon* MR. MENZIES *(left), the Australian Premier, and* MR. WINANT, *the American Ambassador (right), at Bristol.*

VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX *(left), wife of the British Ambassador to the United States, and* LADY ABINGDON, *Chairman of Refugees of England, inspected gifts at a sale at the Easter Shop on Fifth Avenue, for war relief.*

This R.A.F. pilot and observer went to Berlin and back in a recent great bombing raid. The siphon-and-bombs design on their machine expresses what they think is good for Jerry, and what they give him.

Right: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *inspected a collection of models being sent to the United States by the Export Group of the Federation of British Industries.*

CAPTAIN GERALD OSBORNE, *the Black Watch, married* MISS JUNE MARY CARNEGY ARBUTHNOTT, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Carnegy Arbuthnott, of Balnamoon, at St. Andrew's Church, Brechin.*

The marriage of LIEUT. PATRICK ATTLEE, R.A., *to* MISS MARGARET MARY BRENNAN, *cox of the University Women's four and eight three years ago, took place in London.*

GREAT LADIES, FAMOUS MEN, BRIDES AND BRIDES-ELECT

SEC. LIEUT. EDWARD R. C. INGE, *the Somerset Light Infantry, second son of the Very Rev. Dr. W. R. Inge, D.D., K.C.V.O., is engaged to* MISS DIANA MARY PAINE, *only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Paine.*

The marriage of MISS BETTY KATHLEEN TATE, *twin daughter of* LIEUT. MAURICE TATE, *the Sussex cricketer (right), to* LIEUT. MAURICE ROOTES *(left) was fixed for Saturday, April 19, Primrose Day.*

Left: MAJ.-GEN. HENRY ARNOLD, *Chief of the United States Army Air Corps and Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army for the Air, has arrived in England as official observer of the war.*

Right: SUB-LEADER MISS PAMELA THORNTON, A.T.S., *elder daughter of* Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Thornton, C.V.O., *is to marry Major The O'Grady, Royal Artillery, at Brockhall,* [redacted] *April 30.*

MR. ATTLEE, *the Lord Privy Seal, accompanied by* MRS. ATTLEE *and their son, attended the wedding of his nephew, Lieut. Patrick Attlee, to Miss Margaret Mary Brennan in London last week.*

The marriage of LADY KATHERINE GREAVES, *second daughter of the late Major Owain Greaves and the Countess of Dysart, to* CAPTAIN IAIN GRANT, *eldest son of Colonel Grant of Rothiemurchas, took place at Stobo Church, Peeblesshire.*

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

BOTH as a writer and as a personality, Barrie had genius, and more than his share, perhaps, of the mystery that is inseparable from genius. In the immensely intricate pattern of his nature, shyness and showmanship were inextricably blended. Perhaps unconsciously he realised the importance, in certain instances, of not giving the public something that it wanted. Another genius, Colonel Lawrence, had the same gift for awakening curiosity without satisfying it. He shunned appearing in public. He changed his name, concealed himself in the ranks of the Air Force, and tried to avoid the notoriety the Press tried to thrust on him. In the same spirit, Barrie never responded to the call of "Author!" on a first night; would not allow himself to be photographed; and did not readily reveal his true nature, even to his closest friends. Both Barrie and Lawrence (who do not seem to have met, oddly enough, for they would have had much in common) have been accused of courting publicity by seeming to dislike it, and perhaps in both cases the charge is not altogether unjust. But if true, it is only half-true, and the same may be said of any generalisation made about them. In that, among many other qualities, lay their fascination for their contemporaries, and will for posterity.

MISS JOAN GEERE. MRS. FITZGERALD. MISS LAVENDER MASEFIELD.

"The Happy Company," an excellent party of amateurs, was formed by Mrs. Fitzgerald (centre) to entertain the troops in Essex, and these are three of its talented players. Mrs. Fitzgerald, wife of the K.C., is a poet, a fine singer and composer, and writes extra verses to the songs, witty recitations, and little plays they perform. Miss Geere and Miss Masefield, a relation of the Poet Laureate, dance beautifully—the hornpipe, Russian, Dutch, and fancy-dress solos; they both won London dancing prizes before the war. The Company is a great success, and in its tours over Essex brings down crowded houses with applause and laughter.

The Spell. I met Colonel Lawrence once, Barrie several times: they both left an ineffaceable impression of personal magnetism. Mr. Denis Mackail, whose "Story of J.M.B." must be one of the most intimate and comprehensive biographies ever written, says—

There was no human being over whom he couldn't cast his spell. "If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have." That is Maggie Wylie, in *What Every Woman Knows*, on the subject of Charm. Barrie possessed it, could turn it on—or off, if it comes to that—whenever he chose, and even those who came to suspect it, to suffer from it, or, in a final, desperate sort of way, to deny it, still knew in their hearts that it was about the nearest thing, in this case, to an absolutely irresistible force.

Still, many people have had charm and it has got them, so to speak, nowhere; and the possession of it does not explain how the ninth child of a poor weaver in Kirriemuir came to be an idol of the fiction-reading public, the playgoing public, and the *beau monde* of London, and to die a rich man; nor does it explain how he left a name which, in richness and uniqueness of association, transcends the reputation he won from his achievements.

Ambitions. Scotchmen (Mr. Mackail approves the use of this word) have a reputation, well illustrated in anecdote, for thriftiness, and to get rich was undoubtedly one of Barrie's ambitions. But he went an odd way about it. Apart from acts of public and private generosity—the gift, for instance, of the rights of "Peter Pan," then worth £2000 a year, to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, the surreptitious help to many friends—he seems to have been extremely careless about money. His secretary, when she came to regulate his affairs, found among his papers unpresented cheques amounting to £1750. And the extraordinary, high-handed arrangement by which, at the outset of his career, he for five years made his friend Gilmour his banker, is not at all the act of a man who was avidly counting the bawbees. No; his success, in so far as it depended (as it did, in a large measure) on his own will-power, seems to have been won under the motto of Balzac—"to be famous and to be loved." Barrie saw both these ambitions realised. But though he was beloved by his readers in a degree that has been vouchsafed to few authors, his nature found a more complete fulfilment in loving. "Wait till I 'm a man, and you 'll never have reason for greeting again," he promised his mother at the age of seven. It was his love for her that prompted this challenge to Destiny. When Margaret Ogilvy died, he transferred his devotion to his sister, but even then he continually found new objects for protective benevolence.

A Microscopic View.

Mr. Mackail applies a microscope to his life, and some of our enjoyment of "The Story of J.M.B." will depend on whether we find the scale too minute, too detailed. Nothing is left out, and there is, besides, a great deal of conjecture, not to mention rhetorical questions to the reader which the reader cannot answer. Also, the book will have a greater appeal to those who have a passion for the theatre than those who have not, for the production of Barrie's plays provides a large part of its subject-matter. But Barrie touched life at so many points, and always with so electric a contact, that his story is also, to some extent, the story of his age. Mr. Mackail's "right happy and copious industry" has included a wonderfully complete moving picture of that age; in no biography I have ever read is the historical background more fully realised. But never so fully as to overshadow the subject. If a moth were an intelligent creature, one would say that Mr. Mackail flutters round Barrie like a moth round a candle. More than is the case with ordinary men, Barrie's life was a conflict with Destiny, a conflict that was waged on many fronts; and it is his awareness of this that makes Mr. Mackail's biography, for all its length and strict chronological sequence, a work of art. From the wonderfully evocative first chapter, that describes an evening in Barrie's flat, the whole narrative unfolds like a campaign in which gradual expansion of power and personality is counterbalanced by crushing losses in health and happiness, all leading up to what may have seemed to him the overthrow of a life's endeavour—the fiasco of "The Boy David." Mr. Mackail's handling of this episode, his almost uncanny insight into its meaning for everyone concerned, deserves the highest praise. Here all the details tell, and, with the whole momentum of the book behind them, contribute to a climax of extraordinary complexity and pathos.

Our New Series of Colour-Plates—The Tenth Next Week.

The first of our new plates in full colour by Mr. David Wright was published in our issue of January 1, 1941, and NEXT WEEK, APRIL 30, WE ARE PRESENTING THE TENTH *of this amusing and delightful series. We decided to publish these plates in order to brighten the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and their popularity has even exceeded our expectations. There are few wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men whose walls are not now adorned with* "DAVID WRIGHT GIRLS," *and many members of the civil defence services find that these sprightly works of art help to enliven their lonely posts. We are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may be removed by those who wish to pin them up.*

A Difficult *Ménage*. The theme of " Give Us the World " reminds one of the fairy-story in which the fisherman's wife, profiting by the enchanted flounder's gratitude to her husband, greedily asks for increasingly sensational advances in their station in life until their benefactor, tired of her importunity, reduces them to their first estate. But there are differences. In the fairy-story one feels no sympathy for the fisherman's wife: she is simply a warning against ambition. In Mr. Green's novel there is a good deal to be said on Rita's side. Acting impulsively, and in this instance, I think, improbably, she accepted Jack Farne's invitation to make a third in the household he shared with Branche. The two men, aged respectively thirty and fifty, lived by the swimming exhibitions they gave in the summer—swimming has always been a popular spectacle in Ireland—and in the winter they whiled away the days till it was time to begin training. To be Farne's mistress was not quite the same as being mistress of his house. Later he married Rita, and at first they all did their best to make and her subsequent remorse. The whole story, indeed, is a work of art until the end, when for the sake of greater completeness, the author makes at least one unnecessary sacrifice of probability.

A Miscarriage of Justice. One criticism that might be directed against " The Ox-Bow Incident " is forestalled by the title; the story is an incident expanded to the length of a novel. The two friends arrive on the scene just before the curtain rises, and when the act is over, when the three men falsely accused of having " rustled " Drew's cattle and committed a murder have been successfully lynched, and two of the onlookers have committed suicide, they thankfully take their departure. " The Ox-Bow Incident " is a companion piece to " Trouble in July "; it has the same subject, a miscarriage of justice, and the same theme, the effect of blood-lust on human beings. Mr. Van Tilburg Clark makes his arraignment of human nature as complete as possible and he cannot quite be excused, I think, from gloating

THE SCOTS GUARDS *are off parade in this cartoon, but as Fred May says, whether they are on or off parade, their smartness and tradition produce a sense of pride. This battalion is stationed somewhere in Great Britain in readiness!* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

is difficult *ménage à trois* a success. But when a fourth was lded to it, and the child Pat seemed in danger of drifting away om her to be absorbed in the interests of a male world, Rita grew stless, and began to chafe more and more at the friendship, which ad always excited her jealousy, between the two men. Towned, she longed for a wider, richer sphere of activity than the ungalow on the cliffs, and a gayer society than that provided Peter and " Mary Magdalen," an ill-matched couple, their only eighbours. " Give us the world ! " she said to Peter one day. replied : " The prayer says ' our daily bread.' " There could no compromise between these two ideals.

Two Backgrounds. Mr. Green's way of writing is sometimes bald and infelicitous, but it is sincere and effective, and he has no difficulty in conveying the tension in the bungalow or the alternations of mood, mostly on Rita's part, which contributed to it. Looked at realistically, the story often seems excessively simplified, especially as regards the mechanism of everyday life. The author makes almost too good use of his gift for omitting inessentials, with the result that, at times, his characters seem to be leading a dream life with laws of its own. But for that very reason the relations between the chief characters are isolated in a way that would not be possible in a more realistic novel; they are set against the eternal background of cliff and sea, whose significance is at once apparent when Rita goes to Belfast. The reader will not fail to appreciate the exquisite art with which Mr. Green prepares for her flight—the conflict of feeling in " Mary Magdalen's " breast, her vacillations over the pony-cart,

over the wickedness of his creations. And in the end, foiling the reader's righteous indignation, justice miscarries a second time. But this terrible story is far too well written to be dismissed as a piece of special pleading against mankind indulged in by a misanthrope. The characterisation is extremely good, the dialogue vivid and snappy, if sometimes a little obscure, as is often the case with American novelists of Mr. Clark's school.

A Terrifying Climax. In " Death by Dynamite " Mr. Bonney has added fresh laurels to those he won with " No Man's Hand," and to the many qualities that he displayed in his first book a power to invoke horror that any writer might envy. The *dénouement* is a striking and unforgettable scene both by reason of the emotional tension and terror it produces, and by the skill with which the actual trap is laid and reader and criminal alike misled. Only too often when occult powers are invoked the climax fades dully or unconvincingly away, but here there is no such failure. Indeed, the author moves more surely among his characters than among his physical facts, for many slips were possible in such an elaborate plot, and a murderer would have had to have more than an average supply of optimism to envisage success in such a formidable undertaking.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Story of J.M.B. Sir James Barrie, Bart., O.M. By Denis Mackail. (*Peter Davies; 11s. 6d.*)
Give Us the World. By F. L. Green. (*Michael Joseph; 8s.*)
The Ox-Bow Incident. By Walter Van Tilburg Clark. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Death by Dynamite. By Joseph L. Bonney. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

W. C. FIELDS, *as Egbert Souse, in " The Bank Detective," instructing his leading players, François* (REED HADLEY) *and Miss Plupp* (HEATHER WILDE), *on the Tel-Avis picture he is to direct.*

Ludwig Kern (GLENN FORD) *and Ruth Holland* (MARGARET SULLAVAN) *play the political refugee and the girl who loves him in " So Ends Our Night," the new anti-Nazi film.*

Egbert accidentally captures Wildcat McNasty (AL HILL), *who has tripped over his feet when trying to escape.*

Josef Steiner (FREDRIC MARCH), *former German Army officer, faces the dread Gestapo Colonel* (FREDRIK VOGEDING).

Egbert has heroism thrust upon him again for having unintentionally caught a second bank robber!

Josef Steiner (FREDRIC MARCH) *in the hands of the Gestapo, who believe that he will betray his friends.*

"THE BANK DETECTIVE": WITH W. C. FIELDS.

" THE BANK DETECTIVE " was due at the London Pavilion on April 21. It presents W. C. Fields as Egbert Souse, professional bar-propper, who has heroism thrust upon him. He gets a job as a film producer and later accidentally catches a bank robber and is appointed the bank detective. He does a little embezzlement, but gets away with that, too. Una Merkel plays Myrtle Souse.

NAZI-RULE HORROR OF "SO ENDS OUR NIGHT."

" SO ENDS OUR NIGHT," which was due at the Gaumont on Sunday, April 20, is based on the novel, " Flotsam," by Erich Maria Remarque. It presents the tragic adventures of two political refugees, Steiner and Kern. Kern wins through to happiness in the New World by the side of his beloved Ruth, but Steiner fails to escape. The third refugee, Russian Lilo, is played by Anna Sten.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"ANYONE can guess the answer. Shall I try? The happiest words in the English language are, 'From all these operations all our aircraft returned safely.'"

"Full marks," the broker gave him. "Marvellous chaps, aren't they? Out of all the damnability of Hitler and the Nazi gangsters, a certain amount of good has already come in showing the sterling stuff our boys are made of."

"What are we going to do with all our fellows in the Forces when we 've won the war?"

"There 's no need for you to worry about that. Things are going to be very different from what they were after the previous war."

"We know that the cement and the brickmaking and the building trades are going to boom."

"What about every branch of the electrical industry? The engineering world, too. In practically every trade you can think of there is going to be a colossal reconstruction activity."

"The other countries——"

"Will be clamouring for our goods. There will be enough world demand to keep everyone employed for years. You needn't bother your head over post-war employment problems."

"Reassuring—if optimistic. Common sense? I dare say you are right. Shan't we all be thankful when the time comes for turning up the street lights and burning the black-out!"

"It 's up to you to hasten that time by thinking more about the security you get in War Bonds than about the higher yields that other things give you."

"What a horribly persistent propagandist you are! After all, a man can't afford to take a low yield, even on British war stocks, on the whole of his capital. A man has got to live."

"I 'm not too sure of that in regard to some people I know," the partner laughed. "I 'm going over to the House. Will—— Excuse me half a second."

He picked up the telephone receiver.

"Yes, yes. Good morning . . .

"It 's had a good rise, of course; but won't you wait for the price to go ex dividend before you sell? That will be on the twenty-fifth of this month. You could sell War Loan then, and receive the first of June dividend, you know . . .

"You didn't know? No, of course you couldn't. Stupid of me to say that . . .

"Yes, certainly I will make a note to let you know when it goes ex. Thank you very much. Good-bye. Pardon? No; the nation would derive no benefit by your selling War Loan in order to buy the new war stocks. Good-bye."

"Same old question! The Stock Exchange Committee ought to have slips printed for brokers to enclose with their letters to clients."

"It 's a natural enough enquiry," said the broker, "though everyone must realise by now that the Government wants new money."

"Seven to ten per cent. from a fair range of our properties," Our Stroller chanced to overhear in the market for iron, coal and steel shares. "From good things, too."

"You told me William Beardmore some time back."

"And I repeat my recommendation. Good shares to hold, are William Beardmore. So are United Steel and Vickers."

"But——"

"We have all the answers by heart to the objections you 're going to raise. First answer is that these companies will be up to their necks in work after the war."

"But——"

"Second answer is that they won't be for ever subject to E.P.T. and that profits should increase rather than diminish. Any more queries?"

"If the shares pay seven to ten per cent. on the money, and the post-war prospects are for still better returns, why don't prices stand higher to-day? That 's got you, my boy."

"The prices would be better, of course, if there were a greater demand for the shares. But people haven't yet arrived at the stage of looking the post-war position squarely in the face. That 's all there is to it."

Our Stroller left them to argue out the matter. His broker found him gazing at one of the indicators used for calling a member, or a firm, to a particular stand in the markets.

"Pretty sight, isn't it?" said the broker. "There are a hundred lights in that space, and not a single one is illuminated at the moment. That shows you."

In unconscious disproval, the waiter switched on six different numbers in rapid succession.

"He must just have had a handful of wires," the broker explained. "Ah, I thought so; there goes the telegraph-boy. Midland Banks?" he asked a dealer. "Fully paid. What are they?"

The jobber quoted the price. "Want to deal?"

"Of course I want to deal, but I haven't any order yet."

"Banks will reduce their dividends, won't they?" asked Our Stroller. "With this Budget——"

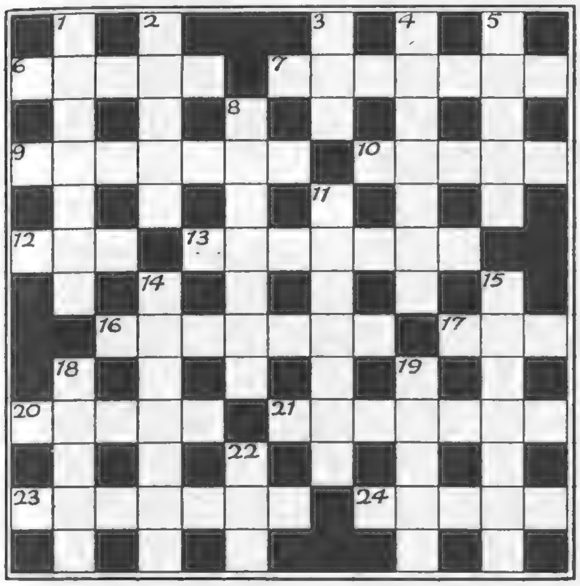
"People won't sell the shares, cut or no cut," a jobber confidently declared. "Nobody will part nowadays with good stuff. It 's too difficult to replace. Same with gas: same with the London electricity supply companies: same with——"

"I couldn't believe it," Our Stroller told his wife later on. "But it 's absolutely true. I saw them with my own eyes in the Stock Exchange, London, this morning. An orange, a lemon and a bottle of Noilly Prat!"

"What had you been mixing with the French?" asked his good lady.

Friday, April 18, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

6 and 7. We all of us regard it as a very friendly act (three words; 5, 3, 4).

9. It might be you or me (three words; 3, 2, 2).

10. "Brave Macbeth with his brandished ———"—Shakespeare (5).

12. The solution of this one will be given by request (3).

13. This is very often a sore point with housemaids (7)

16. It is quite one of the best stopping-places round London (7).

17. "He that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart Not to seem senseless of the ———"—Shakespeare (3).

20 and 21. What a beginner might be described as being (four words; 3, 2, 3, 4).

23. An Order of the Day for all of us (two words; 5, 2).

24. This man may be regarded as a non-combatant (5).

DOWN.

1. A very well-known feature of winter (two words; 3, 4).

2. "Troops, for the ——— ———" (two words; 3, 2).

3. The first part of 8 Down is certainly out of order here (3).

4. A snare set by the goddess of love (7).

5. One way to get a letter, by the sound of it (5).

8. This rarely fails to make a hit in the Navy (7).

11. Could a speech of this sort be taken down in shorthand? (7).

14. "Try a bet" (anag.) (7).

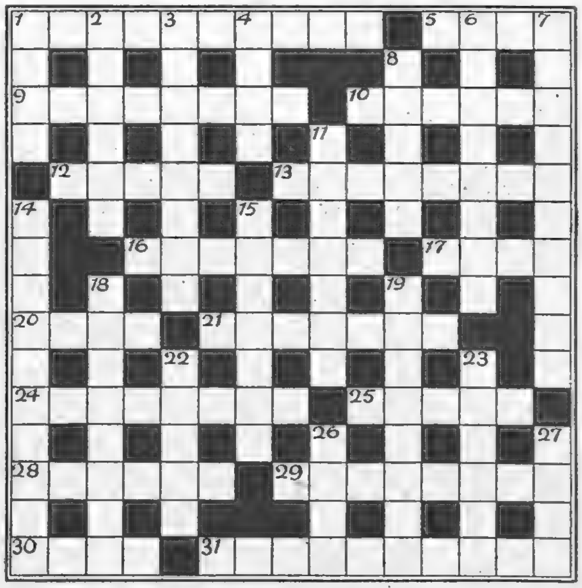
15. It may be taken for granted that the Colonel will be in it (7).

18. Elementary, my dear Watson! (5).

19. Would this be to encourage the consumption of toast? (two words; 3, 2.).

22. This might be regarded as a cosy little crib in Scotland (3).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. Woman's place between the enemy lines? (three words; 2, 4, 4).

5. The porgy has broken the drinking vessels (4).

9. Roman statesman following retreating felines (8).

10. Unfruitful (6).

12. Sits on the lips of dying men, according to Matthew Arnold (5).

13. Prismatic pledges to Noah (8).

16. Soldier who is obviously quite distinct from a private (7).

17. Tree that may reveal one's fortune (4).

20. Etcetera? (4).

21. Everything in favour for part of the barrage (7).

24. The mean-spirited wretch possibly ran erect (8).

25. Covered chair, or battle (5).

28. The reason for it turning in motion (6).

29. Wise man with French arm makes a mintage (8).

30. Comfortable home (4).

31. One who gives instruction in the dramatic art? (5 hyphen 5).

DOWN.

1. This feature sounds well-informed (4).

2. One synonym for 10 (6).

3. Pleasing neckwear (8).

4. Not so bad as never (4).

6 and 7. Would the removal of his two stripes afford an instance of this? (two words; 8, 10).

8. I get into horse hair in U.S.A. (5).

11. Calamitously fleshy friend (7).

14. Not one in his second childhood, but a gardener (10).

15. This takes pater in (7).

18. Musical works which may be arranged as 9 (8).

19. Appropriate to argument (8).

22. The French variety is taken without permission (5).

23. Canal, Gulf, Republic (6).

26. Which amphibian may carry a bayonet? (4).

27. Network (4).

"Lady in the Dark" (GERTRU frustration to the psycho-anal

Liza (GERTRUDE LAWRENCE; right) has a dream flash-back to schooldays and hears the Mapleton High Choral sung by High School graduates.

HIGHLIGHTS OF "LADY IN THE DARK": GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AT THE ALTAR, DREAMING, AND IN THE "BIG TOP."

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE as Liza Elliott gives one of her dances. Note her attractive long bob, and dress adorned with a forest of single ostrich-feather fronds.

Left: "Liza's Circus," with GERTRUDE LAWRENCE as the proprietor. The ringmaster and ensemble are singing "The Greatest Show on Earth" in the circus tent, or "Big Top."

WRENCE; *right) recounts a scene of childish*
hile it is acted by the players on the left.

"The Princess of Pure Delight": Liza Elliott sings with the children in one of the scenes representing a dream of blissful happiness.

"Most modernistic wedding gown ever designed": GERTRUDE LAWRENCE *as the bride, with a nun's headdress embossed with nail-head sequins.*

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE has made a tremendous hit with "LADY IN THE DARK," the new musical play by Moss Hart-Kurt Weill-Ira Gerschwin, recently produced in New York, and is said to be earning a salary of four figures a week. She plays Liza Elliott and gives a number of song-hits and some fascinating dances, while the dresses that she wears are amusing and picturesque. The wedding gown, made with a hood resembling that of a nun, is said to be the "most modernistic" bridal outfit ever designed. It is carried out in white jersey embossed with nail-head sequins and worn with a rope belt to carry out the severe modern lines. The scenes include flash-backs to Liza's youth which are enacted by members of the cast while she recounts them in the consulting-room of a psycho-analyst.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

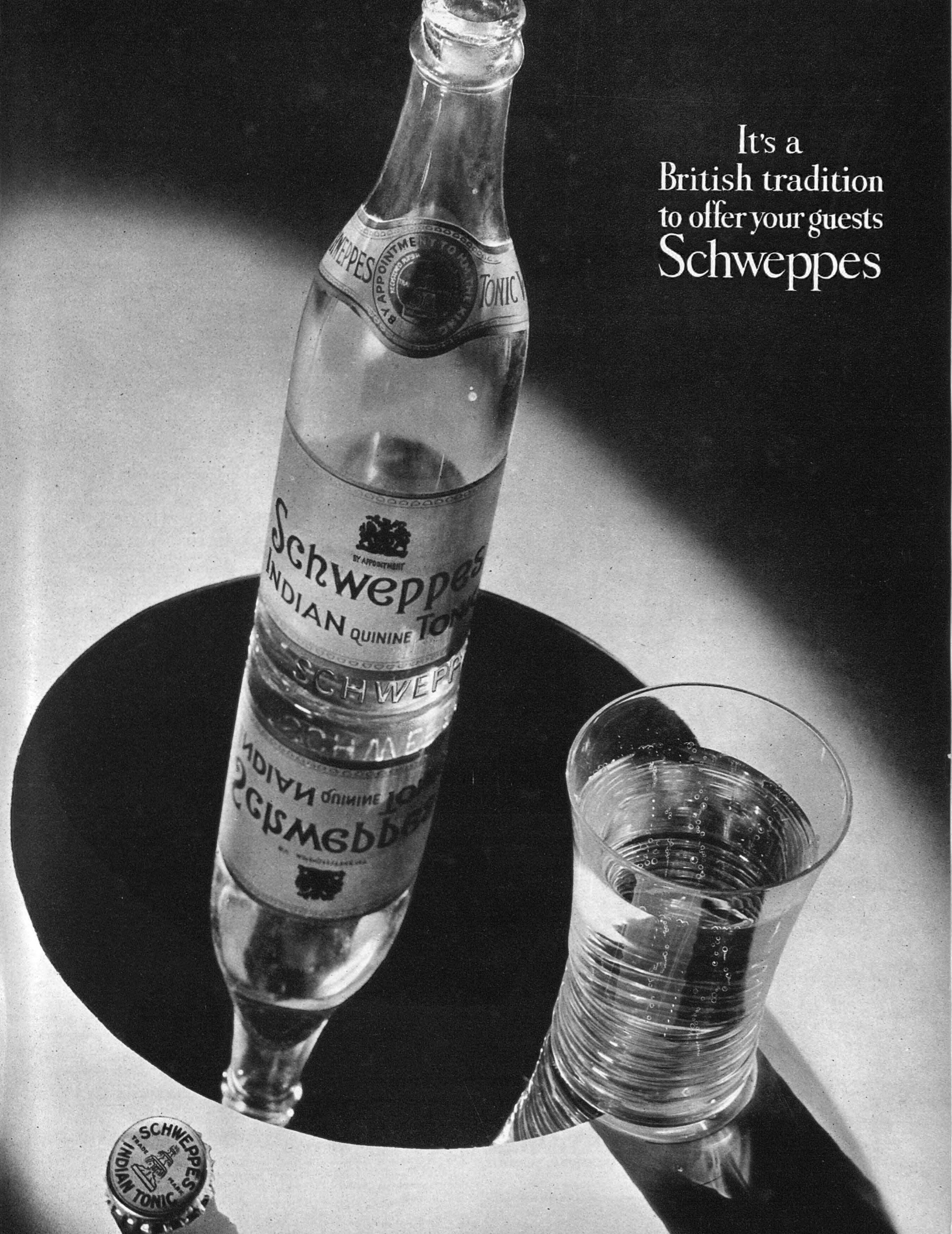
Right: The wedding scene, with GERTRUDE LAWRENCE *as the bride. The ushers, choir, bridegroom and bridesmaids are singing "This Woman at the Altar." The symbolic cake should be noted.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SUITING THE SEASON

SUITS with a difference are being shown by Simpsons, of Piccadilly. One thing, however, they have in common, and that is expert tailoring. The model above is beautifully cut in a hard-wearing black material, with this spring's longer jacket and deeply-pleated skirt. An individual touch is given by the buttons, stamped like ancient coins, one of them worn as a fob with a long gilt chain. The collection includes attractive tweeds for the country, blouses to wear with every type of suit, and, of course, their famous "Daks."

CLEVER maternity clothes can help every woman to go on living a normal life, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have a special collection of youthful maternity frocks in their teagown department. Small patterns are good camouflage, so their model on the right is in a lacquered spotted crêpe. It can, however, be copied in plain material. The front is cut with an apron effect, allowing for gradual and very simple adjustment. This is an adaptable, general-purpose frock; another model, slightly more formal, is made in pale-blue crêpe with shell-pink georgette at the neckline.


It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
Schweppes
BY APPOINTMENT
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
INDIAN TONIC

UNIFORM MATTERS

When the war greatly enlarged the uniform section of this business, cutters and fitters with a lifetime of experience in tailoring uniforms for officers of His Majesty's Forces came to our workrooms, because they knew that we had high standards and that we should welcome work which maintained those standards. The prices of our uniforms are not the lowest. But customers are buying not only good materials made into good-looking uniforms, but also the good workmanship which is deserved by the first and necessary for the long life of the second.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

ALDERSHOT, BATH, BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BOURNEMOUTH, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NORWICH, NOTTINGHAM, OXFORD

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCXCVI.

REDUCING A FINESSE TO A CERTAINTY.

IT is a strange thing that the expert and the weak player attack two particular playing situations from entirely different angles—indeed, in an exactly different way. The weak player cannot resist using up his trumps to ruff opposition winners; I often think some players get more satisfaction in making one trick by a ruff than in making two or three by any other means; the good player, of course, is careful to reserve his trumps so far as he can for other and better purposes. Then a finesse is just the joy of the weaker player's life—again there seems to be some deep and hidden satisfaction about pulling off a finesse; the strong player, on the other hand, avoids a finesse, puts it off until the last moment, and then only plays it when there is no other possible way out. And the really strange thing about all this is that, year in year out, the weak player goes on making this play; apparently he is unable to grasp the fact that his stronger opponents' success to a great extent is due to playing these very situations in the opposite way to which he does himself. Consider this hand, which is a good example of what I am talking about—

SPADES—A, 5, 4, 3.
HEARTS—5, 4, 3.
CLUBS—A, 2.
DIAMONDS—K, 10, 5, 4.

N

W —————————— E

S

SPADES—K, 2.
HEARTS—K, 2.
CLUBS—K, Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8.
DIAMONDS—A, Kn, 2.

South is playing the somewhat optimistic contract of six clubs. West leads the ace of hearts, on which East drops the knave; West follows with the ten of hearts; East plays the queen, and South's king wins. Now what? Well, here the success depends on the diamond finesse; it must be taken; there is no possible squeeze against ordinary defence—the finesse is the only way out; and then, which way should it be played? Now observe the different ways in which the expert and the weak player would tackle this situation. It is fair to assume that the weak player would just take in his winners, play out five rounds of trumps, and hope for something to happen. As nothing is likely to happen he will just have to go for this diamond finesse blindly, probably playing out the ace on the off chance of catching the queen single, which wouldn't be too bad; but it would be just too bad if the queen didn't fall. The expert, however, would try to reduce this finesse to a certainty. Of course, he may not be able to do so, but there can be no harm in trying. The first two rounds of hearts mark West with six originally (East cannot hold any more). South plays out three rounds of trumps, and West follows; nine cards are now accounted for in West's hand; now South leads the king and another spade, won by dummy's ace; a third spade is led from the table, and ruffed by South. Luckily West follows suit. The finessing situation is solved! West had six hearts, three clubs and three spades, so he can hold but one diamond, or no diamond and a fourth spade—it doesn't matter. A small diamond is led to the king in dummy, and on the diamond return the knave finesse is a certainty! You see, the expert knows that, in the ordinary course of events, a finesse is just a fifty-fifty chance; the expert sees to it (or tries to) that he has something better than that in his favour.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, APRIL 16.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Swede. 5. Askew. 10. Aerial. 11. Dieted. 13. Furore. 15. Rehash. 16. Craned. 17. Epirot. 18. Egg. 19. Alien. 22. Bole. 23. Loses. 24. Afar. 27. Elide. 29. Ton. 30. Fluke. 31. Leo. 32. John. 34. Pallid. 35. Rapier. 36. Bed. 38. Chariot. 40. Ruins. 41. Helot. 44. Untold. 46. Spires. 48. Rue. 49. Scenario. 51. Siesta. 52. Gangster. 53. Mien.

DOWN.—1. Seraglio. 2. Wronged. 3. Eire. 4. Daedal. 6. Sirens. 7. Keep. 8. Ethically. 9. Weariful. 10. Aureole. 12. D.S.O. 14. Prisoners. 20. Lothian. 21. E'en. 22. Belabours. 25. Akin. 26. Redact. 28. Ejaculate. 30. Farthing. 33. Ophidian. 37. Ennui. 39. Alert. 42. Erase. 43. Osier. 45. Teem. 46. Scar. 47. Pent. 50. Orb.

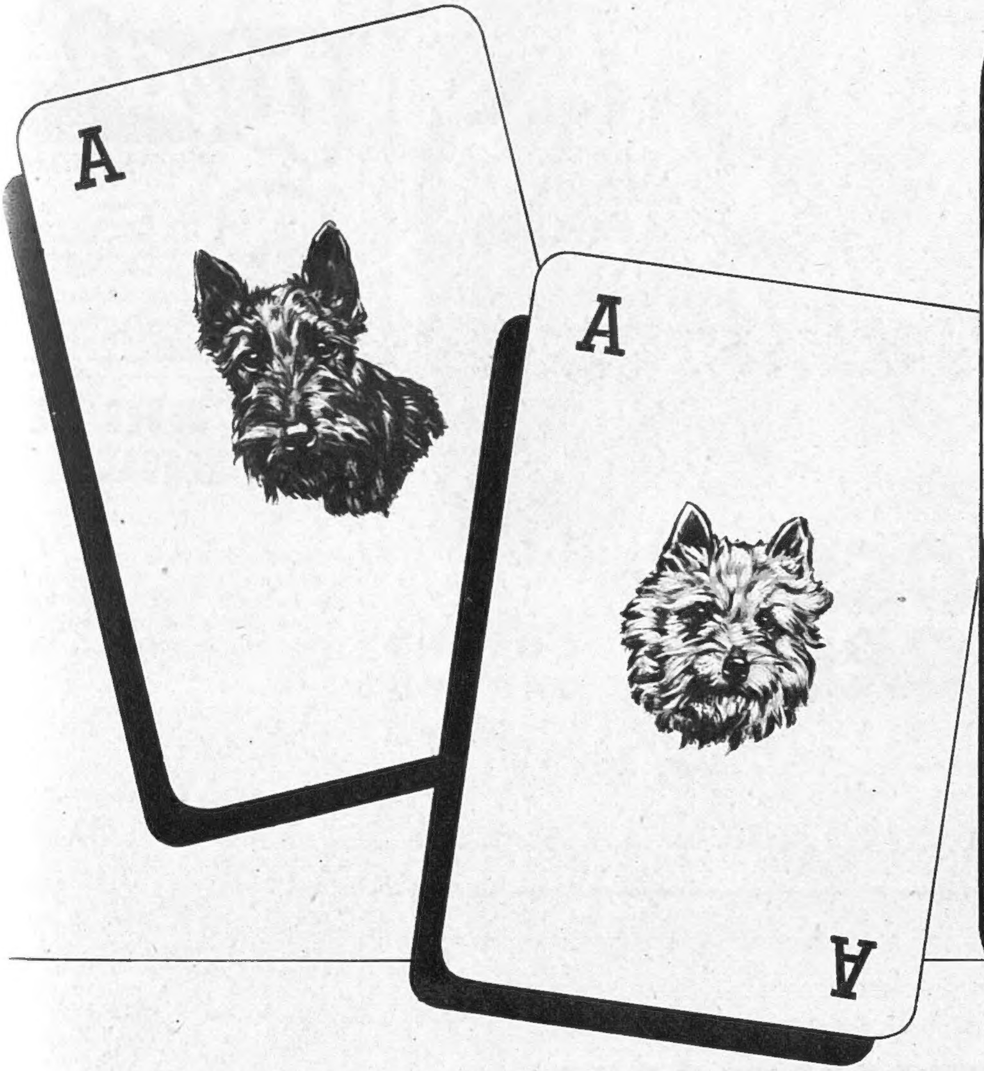
"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Valediction. 6. Lac. 8. Nightcap. 9. Spacer. 11. Satins. 12. Farrago. 14. Staines. 15. Ware. 19. Edam. 20. Tendons. 24. Anagram. 25. Redcar. 27. Lairds. 28. Grimaces. 29. Day. 30. Nightingale.

DOWN.—1. Vanish. 2. Legate. 3. Detonate. 4. Clam. 5. Napery. 6. Lackaday. 7. Cursores. 10. Offends. 13. Dilemma. 16. Detailed. 17. Capacity. 18. Inkerman. 21. Dryden. 22. Acacia. 23. Wrasse. 26. Grit.

Ace High for Quality

Quality in Scotch whisky can go no higher than 'BLACK & WHITE'. That is why this fine old blend is celebrated throughout the world. If you want Scotch that never fails to secure "ACE HIGH" enjoyment, ask for 'BLACK & WHITE' always.



BLACK & WHITE

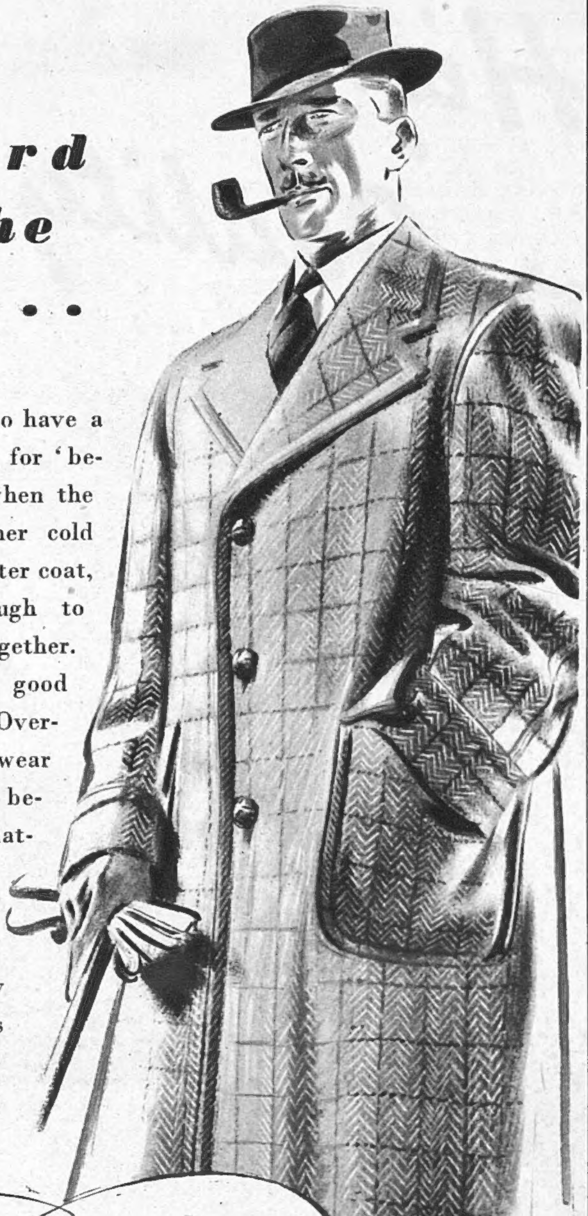
It's the Scotch

completes the perfect breakfast

Smee's

A word to the wise . . .

It's good sense to have a lighter Overcoat for 'between-seasons' when the weather is neither cold enough for a winter coat, nor warm enough to discard one altogether. It is equally good sense to get that Overcoat ready-to-wear from Moss Bros. because a man, whatever his taste and build, can be certain of finding the very coat that suits him.



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Naval, Military, R.A.F. & General Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN
CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C.2
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3/5 Upper Union Street, Aldershot; 76 Park Street, Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Square, Manchester; The Hard, Portsmouth. And at Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrivenham and York.

SLIM MEDIUM & BROAD on Civilian War Duty

Wearra Shoes will keep your feet warm and comfortable during those hours when they should be in slippers—or in bed.

Made in sizes and *half-sizes*, each in *slim*, *medium* or *broad*; hence the perfect fitting which ensures the perfect comfort.

Fine quality shoes in three (American-styled) models, made by British craftsmen in choicest black or tan leather.

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING
SHOES FOR MEN

H.L.S. says: Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers:
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept. S) Irthlingborough
NORTHAMPTONshire.

WHO NEVER GETS A HEADACHE?

If there is anyone who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by a disturbed night, overwork, or worry, or stuffy rooms, or smoking too much, or even drinking too much, ten to one you 're suffering from an " acid condition " as well. It 's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is *bound* to come back.

Next time take a sparkling, bubbling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the two-fold cure for headaches. It contains no aspirin, has no awkward laxative effect, but it shifts the worst headache like magic and at the same time it counteracts the acid which is the real cause of your head.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any other chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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AERTEX
Underwear

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4 including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO·LTD
V204
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ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand

Endorsed by Medical Profession

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., 94 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.I. *Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure S.5—" Planned Parenthood."*

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